

Theatre Magazine

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APRIL, 1918

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BY IRA L. HILL STUDIO.
N.Y.

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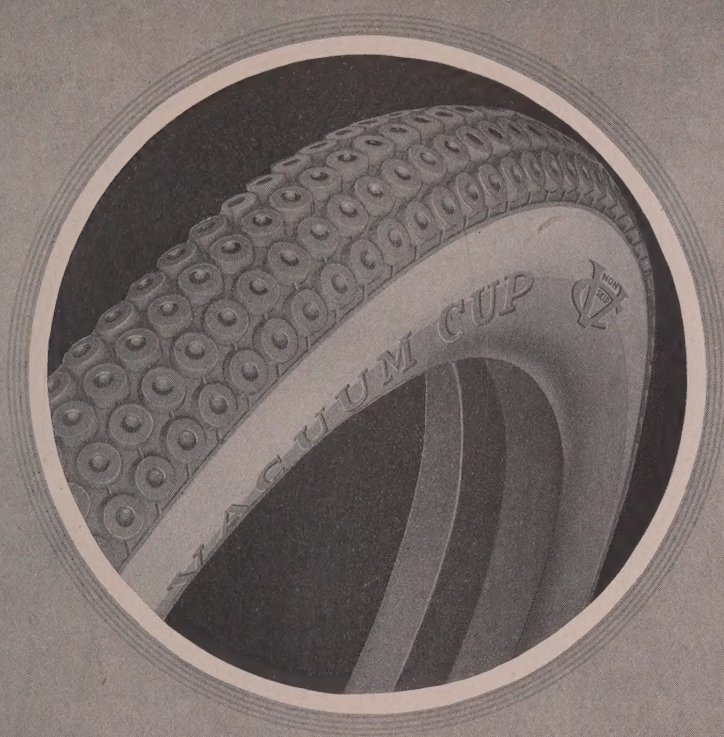
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DR. FRANK CRANE IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE *THEATRE MAGAZINE* DECLARED THAT IN THIS CRISIS OF THE NATION'S LIFE THE PEOPLE NEED THE SPIRITUAL ELIXIR OF THE THEATRE

Says Dr. Crane: "*The amusements of a people are an essential part of their efficiency. In wartime the theatre should realize its opportunity. The theatre's greatest mission is to take men and women out of themselves. It is a bath in the ideal.*"

Do Your Bit To Keep the Home Fires Burning

We urge all clubs, universities, colleges, churches, schools, etc. to do everything possible to promote wholesome theatrical entertainment in this dark hour, so men and women may be taken out of themselves and spiritually refreshed. In order to encourage all such efforts, we are about to create a new department devoted to

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

We shall be pleased to give space to all meritorious productions of this nature. Who were the players? How did they acquit themselves? How were they received? These questions we are ready to answer. Send us good photographs and scenes from the plays you present. They will be reproduced in the same artistic manner that has made the *Theatre Magazine* so popular.

There is throughout this great country of ours much latent talent. Hidden away in every town and village are potential musicians, actors and singers of both sexes who, if only afforded an opportunity, might one day win fame on the metropolitan stage.

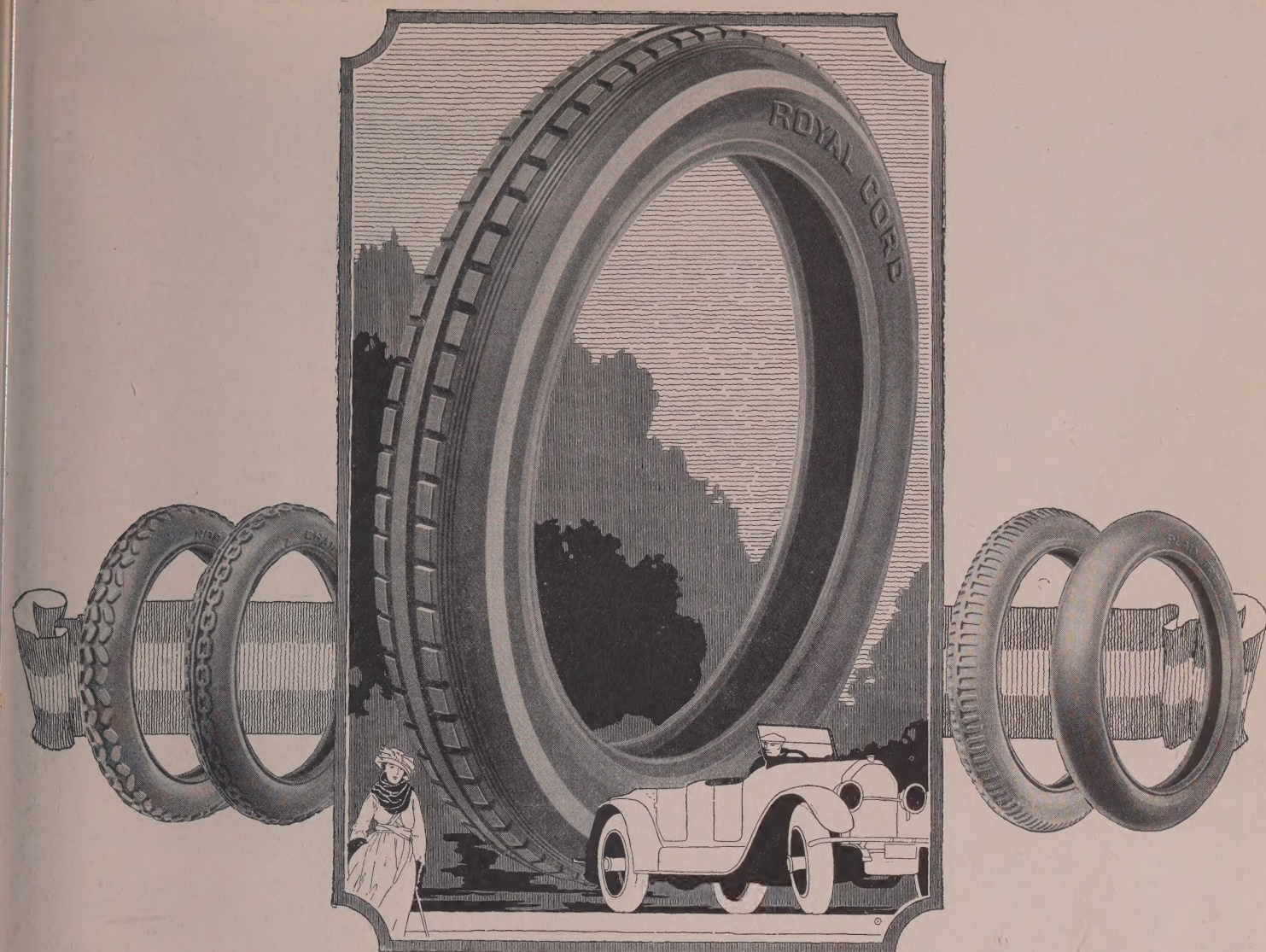
Do not hesitate to call our attention to any who you consider worthy. If you are in need of advice regarding any particular play or musical comedy, write to us. We will give you all the information you require.

We will put you in touch with reliable firms who can furnish anything you may require—scenery, costumes, wigs—in a word, we can supply a complete production, all except the audience.

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The THEATRE MAGAZINE

Amateur Theatrical Department



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There are big cars, small cars, light cars, heavy cars.

It is to meet these varying conditions that we make five different United States Tires,

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No matter what your needs, there is a type of United States Tire *exactly* suited to your requirements.

Each is of the supremely high quality that has kept the demand for United States Tires growing far faster than the number of cars produced.

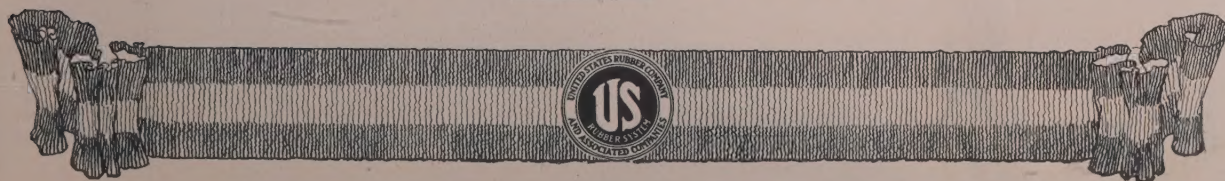
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1918



UNCLE SAM has been the recipient of some tidy little sums from stage celebrities lately. Caruso's check to pay his income tax was a mere \$59,000. The Irish tenor, McCormack, not to be outdone in helping to fill the Government's coffers, went his Italian confrère one better. His little visit to the tax collector, although he came out smiling, found him minus \$75,000 which represented the income tax percentage of his earnings for the year.

This will give you some idea of the huge earning capacity of favorites of the stage to-day. They seem to prove that fame and fortune go hand in hand, indeed.

In the May issue, there is an article dealing with the other millionaires of the footlights. If you want to learn how players get-rich-quick you'll surely be interested in reading it!

HERE we are again solving the eternal question mark, G. B. S. The popular Irish playwright, as everybody knows, thinks himself the most original genius in the world. If he were in vaudeville, where some people think he belongs, no doubt his song hit would be "Originality, That's Me."

But Solomon, that much-quoted and wise old king, said "there's nothing new under the sun."

In our next number, in a clever article, the writer shows that Shaw is forced to introduce merriment in his plays in the conventional way that has served dramatists always. "Shaw as a Laughter Getter" proves that G. B. S. is not as original as he thinks he is!

AL JOLSON is undoubtedly the most popular and highest paid black-faced comedian on the American stage!

He is the foremost minstrel of them all!

Why?

Because he gives the public minstrelsy of 1918. He is both the interlocutor and the end man.

He has written an article for the May number in which he discusses his art, com-

IT'S a long way from Tokio to Broadway. That's a point on which no one will disagree.

But a company of intrepid Japanese actors are thinking about coming here to show Westerners what they can do with the histrionic art.

There are splendid actors in the Mikado's kingdom. Malsumoto and Onoe are as popular in their own country as Otis Skinner and Julian Eltinge in ours.

Oliver M. Saylor will take you behind the scenes at the Imperial Japanese Theatre in the May issue.

YOU'VE read all the arguments we have been printing lately against the happy ending.

Next month we shall publish an entirely opposite point of view, argued just as cleverly, showing that the happy ending is the only one the healthy-minded theatregoer really wants and needs.

Read it, and see with which writer you agree.

THE usual incentive to write a play is the money magnet.

The fat royalties earned by successful playwrights have the same attraction to the poor, struggling hack-writer that the proverbial flame has to the moth.

But all our dramatists are not in need of the money.

In our next number we shall tell you about the wealthy society women who are writing plays merely for the

love of it—and the strange part of it is that they are getting them produced.

THE May number will be a corker. But we are planning other features, including exquisite pictorial effects, for succeeding numbers. So as to be assured of all these splendid issues, *Subscribe Now.*

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paring it with the minstrels of other days.

He tells how he works, how he prepares his own material, how modern he can be without stepping out of character.

An intimate article written by Al Jolson himself that none of his admirers will want to miss!



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

TYRONE POWER AS BRUTUS

In the special performances of "Julius Cæsar" at the Shakespeare Playhouse

THEATRE MAGAZINE

THE WAR AND BROADWAY

A Plea for a National Council of the Theatre

By PERCY MACKAYE



A NEW kind of history is making in Washington.

At the White House, a delegation of theatrical managers has recently conferred with the President.

In Government buildings, members of a Government commission have been planning, for many months, recreational amusement for millions of American young men.

From platforms, and in newspaper interviews, members of the Cabinet and of Congress have endorsed the campaign of "Smileage Books" for a score of Liberty Theatres, newly opened in the Army cantonments.

In the national shut-down orders of the Fuel Administrator, an unique exception was made to the Monday closing-law, the theatres remaining open.

Why are these things occurring?

Is the American theatre a factor in national service?

Have the people and the theatre mutual obligations and responsibilities?

Is the National Government concerned with national amusement?

For some decades a scattered progressive minority have been asking such questions of public opinion, with voices submerged and unanswered. Suddenly, a national necessity has risen colossal and roared them across the continent in the ears of Washington and overseas.

The war is putting the great question of public amusement, as never before.—*Shall the answer be superficial, or fundamental?*



AT one stride, America has taken a new place among the nations.

Overnight, millions of young Americans, dislocated from their homes, have become integral parts of a new American community—vast, organized, disciplined for destruction, yet creative, inspiringly potential—the National Army.

In creating this new community, what is the true function of the theatre?

Confronted with the issue, the Government has set an admirable precedent in appointing the Fosdick Commission, whose activities comprise more functions of recreation than the actual theatre includes, though scarcely more than are proper to an ideal community theatre.

The initial problems of the Commission were, of course, immense and immediate; amid haste and convulsion, to solve them even in part involved calling into service agencies already well organized. Thus, variously covering the field, the Playground Association of America, the Y. M. C. A., and forces of the organized theatre on Broadway became almost at once associated with the work of the Commission. Of these, only the theatre comes under this discussion.

Nearly a year now has passed since we entered the war, and the object of this article is to sug-

gest that a policy, necessarily adapted at first to conditions of haste and convulsion, most naturally become subject to reconstruction and growth, in view of more thorough-going considerations for the permanent good and prestige of America in her new responsibilities toward herself and the world. For this, pre-war organizations, enlisting now in pro-war service, should of course adapt their structures and policies properly to pro-war objects; and since the prime object of this war is the saving of civilization, the theatre—whose proper object is to conserve the highest of civilized arts—should enlist in national service primarily for that great object.

Is it doing so?

Reviewing the show-signs on Broadway on any night of the year, can Americans boast to



Gentle PERCY MACKAYE

Author of "Caliban," "The Canterbury Pilgrims," etc.

their Allies (or to the enemy) that these are the electric signs of our civilization?

Do these represent our national policy of amusement?

To such questions, one public opinion, still pre-war in its notions of Broadway and the world—will doubtless answer nonchalantly: "I should worry!" But another public opinion,—pro-war in its patriotic devotion to our cause as proclaimed by the President, and to boys already dying for it,—will answer at least: "I wonder."

Patriotism indeed has brought a new test for Broadway, a new measure of public amusement.

Now it goes without saying that any real policy of public amusement at this time must lay emphasis on comedy—on that medicinal release of laughter which the strain of war demands. Yet few will deny that there are kinds of laughter, as well as degrees; that comedy, worthy of

a great people, is born of creative vitality and native art; that Mark Twain is more richly American and amusing than some Sunday supplements. So a serious war-policy for the theatre would not mean the acting of high tragedies—or low farces: it would surely mean the conserving and creating of exuberant comedies, racy with the wholesome tang of our national traditions. For such a policy our national crisis makes appeal to Broadway.

There are many, of course, who—sneering at its record years of tawdry tinsel—will flout the idea of any civilized appeal being made to the anarchy, greed and speculation rampant on the Great White Way. To this extent they are right—the anarchy, greed, speculation, there, are uncivilized. Many also will deny any hope in America for the art of the theatre except through unorganized minority groups, in little theatres, and in leavening movements for community masques and pageants. To this extent they, too, are right—in such groups, a great hope of our theatre is already vigorous.

Yet I, for one—while hating that major anarchy and greed, and working eagerly for that communal hope of a minority—I would protest, with all zeal, against that apathetic opinion, which—shutting its eyes to the immense idealism, genius and aspiration submerged in Broadway—does nothing to help organize those forces against the tides of anarchy and speculation there; and I would protest against it as one, born in the American theatre, whose professional work, in continuity with my father's, springs from associations of half a century.



NO. Such apathy is a pre-war survival, and now is pro-enemy. The time has struck for a new estimate of Broadway and a regeneration born of that estimate, organized from within and without.

The issue is urgent; for Broadway alone—in the most vital of all popular arts—holds the organized power of representing our American democracy to its own youth and to the world, at this the beginning of an era when America is called to lead the world, and stand or fall by the measure of its civilized leadership. For this a new public opinion, both radically critical and constructive, is essential; only as spurred and sustained by that, can Broadway rise fully to its test of patriotism.

How may such public opinion be roused and organized?

Scores of agencies could help, but the Government and the theatre managers could doubtless do most. Already active, they might do radically more.

As, in the question of physical food, the Government has successfully called on its men of big business to co-operate patriotically, so with the equally vital question of spiritual food. Mr. Hoover has not merely organized the distribu-

tion of foodstuffs; he has also—in cases of the public good—prescribed their kind. Mr. Klaw, with his associates, in his great, painstaking task of supplying the Liberty Theatres with attractions, has doubtless taken all care to choose the best available. But, in the nature of the case, he has been assisted by no previous pure food laws in this field; *the overwhelming source of his supply remains—Broadway, and the overwhelming sources of Broadway remain—anarchy and speculation.*

Here, then, enlightened government might well step in, to help reorganize speculation and private profit out of business. But that perhaps is itself a Utopian speculation—for the present.

Here, however, the organized managers might well adopt a new policy toward the creators of their public wares—toward the playwrights, and—by seeking with them a pro-war conference for creative co-operation, in place of the still-existent, pre-war system of haphazardism and hacks—might well raise the standard of American dramatic productions permanently at the source.

They might also—with the playwrights, actors and producers—seek conference for co-operation with organized audiences, thus reversing the usual procedure and instilling new vigor and reality into the movement for drama leagues and societies, to the good of all, including their own business.

Or the initiative for such policy might spring from the playwrights, producers, actors, leagues.

The main need is for all forces of the theatre and of the people as audience to get together for co-ordination, imbued with one patriotic desire—to raise the standards of the theatre for the sake of America, her nobility in the eyes of her sons and of the new age they are fighting for.

For this there is the added incentive of excelling one's enemy in civilization. There is no doubt that Germany, despite her many feudal barbarities, has upheld a high social and artistic status for the theatre as an institution. In view of our objects in this war, are we content to emerge from it less civilized in this respect than those who boast of their "Kultur"? If so, we shall be poor sportsmen in a great challenge, and shall surely forego a splendid leadership after the war.

One excellence of our enemy's policy in the

theatre is the organization of its best traditions, whereby are systematically presented the foremost works of many eras. Our American tradition is still meagre, but the principle involved is sound, and might well begin to be applied by a national policy calculated to create greater traditions of our own in the near future.

It is no purpose of this article to lay down such a national policy, but simply to state the question of its great need and magnitude, and to suggest that such need could be met with practical results if all the elements of our theatre would co-operate to bring about the same kind of co-ordination with national service as other great business enterprises are now co-operating to achieve in this war time.

To-day in Washington, seated about a table in many a diverse group, high-purposed Americans are putting aside old enmities and competitions and solving age-long problems of their special professional interests, by taking counsel in unselfish service of our country.

Certainly the men and women of the theatre are not less high-purposed; as individuals, they constantly show their unselfish patriotism. But the lesson of this war teaches that individualized action leads only to chaos; that co-operation and co-ordination must be our watchwords of public service.

Suppose, then, seated around a table in Washington or New York, a National Council of the Theatre, convened for war service, gathered unselfishly to devise and adopt the best possible policy of public amusement, and to organize its practical efficiency and publicity.

At such a council would appropriately be seated representatives of the following professions and interests affecting its purposes—theatre managers, dramatists, actors, producers (involving music and the dance), theatrical syndicates, theatre workers' unions, dramatic leagues and schools, universities, chautauquas, theatre journalism and publicity newspapers, the National Government. (The immense field of motion pictures would probably require a separate, though related, consideration.)

Naturally, from the sittings of such a public council would be eliminated from the start all pre-war taints of "secret diplomacy"; the appeal of its platform would be to the highest standards of public opinion, and be given the nation-wide publicity which the proceedings of

such a gathering would instantly command. Naturally, too, each interest represented would submit for co-operative thought and action recommendations based on its special training and experience—the total of which would comprise a notable harvest of theatrical experience never before garnered for the public's information and good.

Keeping always in mind this service of patriotism, out of such varied experience would arise questions and problems for solution such as these:

In public amusement what constitutes the maximum public good?

In view of such good, how may cut-throat competition be eliminated from the theatre without substituting the evils of combination?

What steps of co-operation will tend to set in motion increasingly higher standards of creative output on the part of dramatists?

Increasingly higher competence in interpretation on the part of actors?

What number of theatres in a city like New York is practically conducive to the best standards of living and of art among theatrical workers?

How may men and women of genius in the theatre's art be focused for their best development and the public service?

How may repertory theatres be established on a national scale?

What is the just stability of relationship among stage workers' unions, theatrical managers and theatre artists?

How may the organization of audiences best serve the economic and artistic needs of the theatre?

In view of the stakes of civilization in this war, what steps should the Government take to eliminate the factors of national waste, and corruption involved in the present theatrical system?

How may the establishment of a national theatre permanently serve the world objects of our cause proclaimed by President Wilson?

These are a few of the questions which a national council of the theatre could begin to answer by sincere, high-purposed co-operation. In their solution Broadway is vitally linked with our national life and growth.

Broadway, in short, is offered an inspiring challenge by the war. Will it rise to the issue?

THE WAR LORD

By ELSIE JANIS



Kultured maniac with war upon the brain
Attacking nations greater power to gain
Innumerable lives to answer for has he.
Satan laughs and rubs his hands with glee
Enjoying all the havoc he has wrought
Rejoicing in the partner he has caught.

William is his pal, his friend in need
Inciting every action, every deed,
Laconically he sees them being done
Love and life are dead and Hell has won.
"I and God will win," is William's word
And the Devil laughs and says "Don't be absurd."
Maker of men, is not your anger stirred?



From a portrait by Arnold Genthe

MARGARET MOWER

This picturesque young actress who first attracted attention with the Washington Square Players is seen here as the Narrator in Stuart Walker's biblical production "The Book of Job"

A DRAMA OF PROPAGANDA

"Her Country," the first play to make use of the American stage in serious support of the Allies cause



WAR plays have come and gone since 1914, but it has remained for Walter Knight and the Propaganda Producing Company to make first use of the American stage in serious support of the Allies' cause. Mr. Knight, in association with Winthrop Ames, last season gave us that admirable pantomime, "Pierrot the Prodigal." His propaganda play, which he is presenting at the Punch and Judy Theatre with a capable cast, is "Her Country," by Rudolph Besier and Sybil Spottiswoode.

"Kultur at Home" is the more expressive title by which the piece has been known in London for two successful seasons. It is a graphic and moving *exposé* of German manners, thought, and ideals, a relentless and searching portrayal of the Hun in his domestic haunts.

Margaret Tinworth—in the New York version of the play—is an American girl whose harrowing misfortune it is to marry a Prussian officer, Lieutenant Kurt Hartling. Her cold and undemonstrative millionaire father has never made life attractive to her at home, and when she is fêted by her acquaintances in Germany, she overlooks their hideous taste in both furniture and manners and falls under the spell of the at least physically attractive Lieutenant. All this, of course, is before August, 1914.

Her *fiancé*, in accordance with the customs of his class, is depending on her dowry for their livelihood. However, he is unable to impress her father with the greatness of the honor such a match will confer on Margaret. When the millionaire breaks with his daughter, who refuses to leave Germany at his behest, Kurt and Margaret turn to the latter's "golden aunt," Mrs. Munroe, as the only person who can make the marriage possible.



WE see these young people first in a Prussian Colonel's household, a place where the husband—his wife having long since "lost her shape"—treats her as he would his housekeeper, where German young ladies pat their stomachs when they are hungry, and where German officers—"admittedly the most brilliant and fascinating men in the world"—swallow their beer by the steinful and roar out their drinking songs at the dinner table. It is an atmosphere "of dachshunds and sausages." And there is much of what might be called exceedingly frank talk of eugenics.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Margaret does "not appreciate the deep poetry in the heart of every German." Indeed, to this accusation she promptly replies:

"Now listen to me—all of you. You're a dear, good people, I'm sure; but you insist far too much on your gifts and graces and virtues and perfections. Why, to hear you talk, one would think there was none to equal you as a nation or individually the whole world over. That's absurd, you know."

Her Prussian friends, at first dumbfounded at the suggestion that other races may be equal to them or perhaps even superior, soon decide that Margaret is joking—this is a specimen of her American humor. And it is a sad blow to Kurt when he learns that Margaret's uncle was a tradesman. His friends agree to keep the disgraceful secret, however, and he renews his willingness to accept the old shopkeeper's money.

The wedding having been made possible by a liberal allowance of this money, Margaret finds herself a *hausfrau* in the small garrison town. The ugly "salon" of her home she tries as best she can to beautify by covering the red plush furniture and as much of the wall-paper as possible. The alterations bring down upon her the contumely of husband and friends. And when she accidentally drops the Kaiser's portrait and smashes it, she is regarded as little short of criminal.



THE neighbor girls call on Margaret with the express purpose of examining her lingerie. The *fräuleins* are shocked at the idea of sending out the washing. They do theirs at home—once every three months!

ERICA. Oh, but do look at this nightgown! It's not much more than gauze.

SOPHIE. Think of the washing! It would wear through in a few weeks.

ERICA. And please look at this lace! Imagine spending so much money on what nobody sees.

SOPHIE. I should take off all the old lace and put it on my best pink blouse.

ERICA. And they call you practical! Why, we Germans have underclothes of such good, strong material, a trousseau lasts us most of our lives.

SOPHIE. And, of course, we embroider our things beautifully.

ERICA. I and Mamma have just finished embroidering two dozen chemises with my monogram—S. von D., three inches long, with a seven-pointed coronet over it.

MARGARET. But you aren't even engaged.

ERICA. Oh, but I'm sure to be. We always get things ready beforehand.

SOPHIE. And besides our own underwear, dozens of pillowslips and sheets and household linen, and everything beautifully embroidered.

MARGARET. I must say the German husband manages well. He walks into a house provided with everything by the woman down to the servant.

SOPHIE. The servant?

MARGARET. Why, the wife herself.

The "golden aunt" hasn't been near Margaret long till she begins to fear that things are not running quite so smoothly as they might. The young woman, however, defends her husband, who "can't help the narrow ideas and prying impertinences" of the neighbors.

MARGARET. They're the things he's been brought up to consider right. And then—Germans think everything German quite perfect. Apart from our dollars—they have a certain respect for *them*—we don't count, we're a new, ignorant, and vulgar race.... Kurt doesn't understand how it's possible one can be proud of being anything but German.

MRS. MUNROE. But the people here always seem to treat us in the most effusive manner.

MARGARET. Oh yes. I suppose that's why so many of our girls who come to Germany go into ecstasies. But underneath all that effusiveness and apparent admiration there's a certain hostility—do you know why?—just because we are not born Germans. I know it now. Oh, yes, there's hostility. And now that I'm more or less one of them they don't take any trouble to hide it. They hate every nation except their own. They hate other manners, other customs, other faces, other clothes—everyone and everything not German. And their hatred is so horrible! It's become an obsession with them, a religion. Sometimes at night I feel so terribly afraid—afraid for myself—afraid for the world—yes, the world, Auntie, which they are shortly to rule—as they tell one every possible moment—afraid of what is coming in the future.

(She buries her face in Mrs. Munroe's lap.)

MRS. MUNROE. My poor little Margaret!—But your Kurt—can't he understand a little and help you? If he loves you enough surely—

MARGARET. Oh, he's in love with me—dreadfully in love with me. I think that's the worst part of all.

MRS. MUNROE. Margaret—

MARGARET. No, darling, forget that. I—I didn't mean

it. It—it's only that the German in love has so little consideration or—delicacy. His women don't expect it—any more than the wives of a Turk. But at first I—
(She shudders.)

Oh, one gets accustomed to anything in time. I—I suppose any love is better than no love at all—

MRS. MUNROE. At least, it must make him realize how strange these surroundings are to you, and give him toleration for your different point of view.

MARGARET. Toleration! He's far too good a German for that. I must humbly thank God—who is, of course, a German—for putting me among His chosen people. I'm to be made "a good little German wife,"—which means that I must put up meekly with the Colonel's snubbings and Mrs. Colonel's impertinent interferences, that I must work harder in the litchen and the house than the servant, that I must have no opinions or interests of my own, and must realize with gratitude that I exist solely for the comfort and desires of my husband.



MARGARET has a cousin, Mrs. Munroe's son Ralph, a wholesome American lad. He comes to help her with her redecorations. They are having good fun of it when her husband suddenly arrives home and finds his wife on the ladder with her cousin holding her ankle to steady her. A squall bursts. As Ralph puts it, "Hartling claims the privilege of supporting his wife"—in this matter, at least.

When the cousin has left, Kurt demands "a full and detailed explanation." He has surprised his wife "in a most compromising position." She has been showing this young American her clothes! Then he discovers an undergarment carelessly dropped by one of the inquisitive neighbor girls and roars, "This is the climax! This is the end of all things! You have been so shameless as to show him your underclothes!" Her simple explanation he will not accept.

MARGARET. Oh, I know it must sound incredible to you or to any German. I grant you such a friendship between cousins would be impossible here. Even boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen are left as little alone together as possible. Quite rightly! I don't doubt for a minute they'd take ugly advantage of every opportunity.

KURT. We Germans are a virile and full-blooded race.

MARGARET. Why not say "bestial" and have done with it?.....

(He turns her face to hers and fiercely kisses her lips.)

KURT. I love you. I'm mad with your beauty. I adore you from head to foot. In my heart I never believed there was anything wrong between you and that fellow. But it maddens me to see you so much as look at another man. You are mine—only mine—to do with as I like—my woman—my wife.

(Covers her face and neck with kisses.)

MARGARET. Let me go, Kurt—please!

KURT. Why should I? Aren't you mine? I love to see that frightened look in your eyes and to feel your sweet body trembling in my arms. I have such a passion for you it would be a joy to torture you. Kiss me. Kiss me. Kiss me.

Cave-man stuff proving decidedly unwelcome however, Kurt relapses into reproachful incivility and leaves when Elsa, another bride but German-born, arrives. "I hear on the best authority," he remarks with his nationally characteristic delicacy, "that a great many storks have been seen flying over the town lately."

Elsa is unhappy. Though married but a few months, her husband has already grown tired of her and is openly indulging in a *liaison* with a waitress. When Margaret advises Elsa to leave her husband, the deserted bride rewards her by flying into a rage and accusing her of envy. Al Elsa wants is sympathy; she is secretly proud of her dashing Otto's vulgar infidelity!



Photos White Rosa Lynd Adele Klaer Bertha Broad

The neighbor girls inspect Margaret's lingerie and voice their disapproval by such finery



William Williams Alexander Onslow Rosa Lynd
Kurt accuses his wife of undue familiarity with her cousin



Rosa Lynd
The Prussian officers report the latest scandal



Marion Kerby Rosa Lynd
The Colonel's wife lays down the law



Alexander Onslow Rosa Lynd
Persuading Margaret to apologize

"HER COUNTRY" AT THE PUNCH AND JUDY THEATRE, TOLD IN PICTURES

As for Kurt, when he hears of it, he can only say, "What a dear Puritanical little wife it is! Why, my treasure, it's all in the day's work. Men are men, with hot blood in their veins—at least in Germany—and the sooner the women realize it the better."

Naturally, Margaret rebels. She insults Germany. Her husband demands an apology. But he doesn't get it. "Remember," observes the young lady coldly, "you have not married a German woman."

When she tries to institute the custom of five-o'clock tea, the young officers misconstrue her invitation, leer at her, comb their moustaches in her drawing-room, and repeat the coarsest scandal in the most suggestive fashion. They advise her what to eat in order that she may grow "round and appetizing." They boast of the sordid debauchery of Berlin. "Modern Germany," one of them assures her, after complaining of old women as eyesores, "is the only really practical nation in the world to-day. We've no flabby

illusions left, thank God! However useful a thing may have been, when it's past it is over—scrap it—nation, machine, dog, horse, woman—no matter what—scrap it."

The redoubtable wife of the Colonel interrupts the reception at a moment when Margaret is voicing her contempt for her callers' swinish views. Reprimanded by the great lady, they sneak away like whipped curs. Then Mrs. Colonel opens fire on the obstreperous American who has dared to introduce un-German innovations into the ordinarily ideal life of the garrison. It is against the direct commands of the All-Highest! Margaret endures her critical visitor until the latter scornfully refers to America as "the dumping ground for the scum of the earth."

At this point the Colonel's lady experiences the surprise of her life. She is practically ordered out of the house. Kurt, returning, faces irretrievable ruin. To save him Margaret brings herself to the point of an oral apology. But when he insists that she follow it with another

in writing, she revolts. Her Prussian husband, with characteristic stupidity, resorts to *schrecklichkeit*. He chokes his wife. And so ends his adventure into matrimony.

A few weeks later the war has begun. Margaret is with her aunt and Ralph in Luxembourg. The German armies are marching through toward France. Kurt comes to beg her to return to "our home, our love-nest." He loves her—as best such a product of such a system can love. And now she is going to realize at last, he feels, the greatness of Germany. "There they march in their countless thousands to shatter the old civilizations and build a German world-empire on their ruins."

Once more, of course, he has failed to understand. Margaret has had her quota of experience. Though he be going into battle, she will not return. Anyhow, he should be consoled; he has Germany! And so he goes away, murmuring, "You're right! *Deutschland über Alles!*"

BETWEEN TRAINS WITH FRENCH PLAYERS

Suzanne Després and Lugné Poe favorites of the Paris stage give their point of view of the modern theatre



IT has happened by the fortune of war that many a distinguished visitor comes into New York and goes out again without comment by the omniscient press, a thing quite inconceivable in days of peace. Two such visitors recently were M. Alexandre Lugné Poe and his famous actress-wife Suzanne Després. It is true that they were passing through *en voyage* but that the quotidian papers failed to observe their brief stay is strange. For M. Poe is one of the most observed of men in Paris and he and his journal, the State subsidized *L'Oeuvre*, represent all that is intellectually new and inspiring in Parisian life. Singular to add to this statement is the fact that by birth M. Poe is an American. He was born in January, 1870, in San Francisco, but was taken by his parents right back to Paris and his education was received in the celebrated Lycée Condorcet. He is the director and founder of *L'Oeuvre* and is widely known as a translator of Ibsen, Bjornson, Maeterlinck, d'Annunzio and Gorky as well as other advanced and recondite playwrights whose introduction to French readers has been made by this state-supported journal.

From such a mind as his it was natural to expect an interesting point of view of the modern theatre. "In such opinion his wife would be supposed to share and even a brief talk with the couple as they stopped to take breath, as it were, before continuing on their journey to South America, should prove illuminating. But alas, the war conditions and a sea voyage made under difficulties had apparently dried up enthusiasm. The gist of their opinion of the theatrical situation was that the Aeonian springs had dried and Thespia must lie waste until the conclusion of the war.

M. Lugné Poe feels this and Madame Després conveyed the sentiment when she said: "I do not know whether or not I shall act in South America; I may do so but I am listless about it. In fact, I can see nothing appealing in the theatre as it exists to-day and I am not willing to lend myself to what I consider to be beneath my ideals. I am going to South America to vegetate if I can. I shall make the effort but realize that it is not easy to do nothing. At the moment it seems that I have nothing to say."

M. Poe was not so pessimistic, or weary. He is a true Parisian and the verve of that city, prevailing through every cloud, every harassing obstacle, is his verve. Besides he is the editor of a very advanced theatrical journal and in its in-



MME. SUZANNE DESPRÉS
in "La Fille Eliza"

terests he sees the events of the day as a certain kind of material. When his wife so frankly expressed her lack of faith in the endurance of worthy standards, the editor of *L'Oeuvre* merely shrugged his shoulders as if to indicate that her physical weariness had affected her viewpoint.

Madame Després has always occupied the rather dubious position accorded the type of actress called intellectual. This is strange, for she is a forcible exponent of passion, emotion and tragedy in her favorite rôles. She has played comedy but it must have been against the grain; she looks the tragic actress.

How does a tragic actress look? So easy to write, so difficult to convey. Mme. Bernhardt is a tragic comedienne, likewise Mme. Duse. We are all familiar with La Bernhardt's smooth countenance, we recognize the drawn expression of La Duse. It is easier to find the type in Mme.

Després than in either. Her face is massive, if that word may be construed to mean that it is modeled rather on masculine than on feminine lines. It is attractive but the last impression, like the first, is one of strength.

Mme. Després is very frank and worships *la vérité* and sacrifices every personal vanity at its altar. She spoke of her London season precisely as she might of another actress in whom she took no particular interest. "It was successful only in part. Some parts the English liked me in, some critics recognized what truth I can sometimes bring. But in others neither the audience nor the critics saw in me anything above the ordinary. Their opinion may be right. I have played parts for which I had no sympathy but I shall never play such rôles again."

"It was partly the result of my training, the traditional; partly my belonging to the Français. There I was ground in the mill like *les autres*. I do not regret, but myself I might have developed earlier."

"You believe, then, in the Conservatoire?"

"Unquestionably it is the true groundwork. M. Copeau, whom I know well and admire is the type opposite. He plays without rule, spontaneously, violently. True, he achieves results, a *tour de force*, but his work would have been tremendously aided if he had been through the schools as I have."

"My liberty of choice cannot be impaired by any false ideas of duty. I shall owe nothing to authors or to society which I do not select for myself." In some such language the woman who essays to play Hamlet might define herself. In reality she expresses the sense of it more delicately and with a smile which relieves it of a suspicion of egotism.

Her artistic life is very completely rounded and has taken her around the world. Her visit to Chili, Brazil and Argentina will be a return to old friends and familiar scenes. In these countries her art has received the greatest praise and it is conceivable that she can revisit them and not play. And after the weariness of travel has vanished, this artist—favored pupil of Worms—who began her career with two prizes from the Conservatoire, will respond to the lure of the art for which she was born.



From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

FRANCES STARR

Broadway has missed this favorite lately, but her many admirers will be glad to know that she is to reappear next season in a new play. She is now filling what is perhaps the most useful rôle of her career—with the Stage Woman's War Relief

THE BARRYMORES AND AUGUSTUS THOMAS

How a famous actor family have been closely identified with America's leading dramatist

By HELEN TEN BROECK



EASILY the most emphatic personal success of the waning season is that achieved at the Shubert Theatre by Lionel Barrymore in Augustus Thomas' play of American life, "The Copperhead." As an effective picture of sturdy American character touched with sinister shadows, "The Copperhead" is a notable contribution to the native drama.

It was by no means an accident that Lionel Barrymore came to be drafted from the rank and file of "character actors" to create the central rôle. Nor was it an accident that the last of the three younger Barrymores to attain stellar honors became a star overnight by a compelling performance of the name part in the Thomas play. For Lionel Barrymore has won his way to the top of the ladder, not alone by gracious dower of inherited gifts, but by years of hard work marked, whenever a rôle called him to Broadway, by a series of successes, each of which brought him nearer to the spotlight.

It is only a few weeks since Lionel Barrymore, in the support of his brother John Barrymore and Miss Constance Collier, was seen here in a part that was scarcely more than a character bit in "Peter Ibbetson." It was a long leap from the wholly artificial and gleamingly polished rôle of the senile *roué*, which he contributed to the Du Maurier play, to that of Milt Shanks in "The Copperhead," but the complete success with which Lionel Barrymore accomplished it fully justified the confidence reposed in his art by author and manager. The same outstanding quality of touchingly simple and dignified sincerity which made John Barrymore's rôle in "Justice" the talk of a season two years ago, has accomplished the same coveted end for his brother.



WITH green young April bursting into the calendar, it is now six weeks since war-benumbed New York sat up, gasping, to recognize that the incredible, the unbelievable, the wholly impossible had happened. Another of those amazing young Barrymores had captured the outposts of criticism and scored a memorable and wholly well-deserved triumph.

The applause that always follows the fall of the final curtain had scarcely died away when I stumbled into Mr. Barrymore's dressing-room on a wild March night.

"It was a wonderful performance," I gasped as Milt Shanks removed his venerable wig—the white hairs of "forty years after the war, sir—" and seated himself opposite me with the air of an early Christian martyr.

"It is a wonderful *part*," he corrected, the boyish Barrymore smile of him creeping out through the painted wrinkles. "Augustus Thomas has written many fine Barrymore rôles," I agreed, with enthusiasm.

"None so rugged and true, none, I think so sturdy and American as Milt Shanks," parried the new star. "His fine silence under fire, his tender love of wife and son, the stoic, gentle heart that kept its own secret in the face of ostracism and undeserved disgrace until his silence menaced the happiness of his grandchild,—these things and that splendid passion for country that stirs the heart of all true Americans

when that country's ideals of freedom were attacked—all these Mr. Thomas has written into his play."

And all these things Mr. Barrymore brings to the heart of his audiences; but I lacked courage to remind him of that fact.

"When you were in Paris—" I begun, but Mr. Barrymore snatched off a tuft of Milt Shanks' bushy eyebrow and writhed in his chair. "Don't mention Paris," he cried, with a gesture of supreme distaste, "I dislike to be reminded that I ever studied for any career but that of the stage."

"But the pictorial quality of your work shows traces of the old days at Julien's," I persisted, "and Augustus Thomas—"



AH," interrupted my victim, "let's talk about Mr. Thomas. I could commune with you about him for a week. My father, Maurice Barrymore, played Captain Davenport in 'Alabama,' the piece that first gained for Mr. Thomas recognition as a leading American playwright. It was in Mr. Thomas' play, 'A Man of the World,' that I made my New York début in my father's company. I'm sorry"—this with a whimsical smile—"that I can't mention that début as my earliest stage appearance, and so identify myself from the beginning with the Thomasonian drama. But before that more or less portentous event I had appeared in Kansas City as Thomas—please mark the similarity of names—in 'The Rivals' with my grandmother, Mrs. John Drew and my uncle Sydney Drew as Mrs. Malaprop and Bob Acres."

I cannot describe the unutterable drollery with which Mr. Barrymore pronounced the name of the town where the flame of the drama first flared in his infant breast—Kansas City—it reeked with gentle satire. If you had heard it, you would have breathed a prayer that the next play Mr. Thomas writes for his star will be a comedy.

"And what success crowned your début?" I asked. Mr. Barrymore plucked out another of Milt Shanks' white eyebrows; "I was so good that they cut the part of Thomas out of the piece in future productions," he chuckled.



THEN there followed five very serious years with the late McKee Rankin and Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew. All sorts of parts, in all sorts of plays and performed in all sorts of places.

"For a time, too, I was with the late James A. Herne. Such an artist! Such a teacher! Such a man! You never saw Mr. Herne? You never saw him in his own play 'Sag Harbor'? never saw him in 'Shore Acres'? Then you have missed a rare and fragrant art. I count it a piece of high good fortune to have spent that young, plastic period of apprenticeship in the company of so great a master of the art of acting. His was a technique absolutely flawless and impeccable, and his was classic acting warmed with a glowing sympathy that gave vivid life to each of his characterizations. As dramatist, as actor, as producer and as an inspiring director of plays, Mr. Herne will always

hold a place of his own in my memory. The humanness of him, his understanding, his sound knowledge of the tools with which he worked are things to recall again and again, and I am glad to pay a little of the debt I owe him, by acknowledging, at least, that I do owe it.

"But if I began to talk about my debts, of course there is Mr. Thomas again. His name is like the head of King Charles in Mr. Dick's Memorial—I simply can't keep it out of the sago. If I start about the rôle of Milt Shanks, please stop me; I shall not be able to stop myself. After leaving Mr. Herne's company, I came to New York and played a number of parts for two of which I have to thank the author of "The Copperhead."

"In 'The Other Girl' he wrote a rôle based upon the prowess of 'Kid' McCoy, which won for me a place as the featured member of the cast with which Charles Frohman produced it."

It was while all Broadway was ringing with Lionel Barrymore's success in the "Kid" McCoy part—a success following swiftly after his deeply graven characterization of the old organ-grinder in "The Hummingbird and the Mummy"—shall you ever forget the poignant effectiveness of his work in that piece with John Drew as the star!—and in "Pantaloone," which filled out an evening with one of Miss Ethel Barrymore's pieces—that this amazing actor suddenly announced his decision to go to Paris and carry on in the Quartier Latin the studies he had commenced in the Art Students' League here.



THERE remains no room for the slightest doubt that high success as a painter would have been his reward, had not the Barrymore blood spoken; had not the Barrymore heart listened to the lure of the stage which recalled him to America again. No Thomas part awaited the return of the prodigal Barrymore and so for several successful seasons he appeared upon the screen until claimed by the legitimate stage to create the rôle of Colonel Ibbetson, that evil old man who made all the trouble for John Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson."

"And shall you remain on the speaking stage for good?" I asked, as Mr. Barrymore, divested of the last trace of stage eyebrow, looked pointedly toward the door.

"Indeed, I hope I shall; as long as Augustus Thomas goes on writing this sort of play," he said. And fervently echoing that hope, I scrambled to my feet and said good-night.

I trust I have made it clear that Mr. Barrymore's struggles to give all the credit for the success of "The Copperhead" to Mr. Augustus Thomas.

But if you seek to compliment Mr. Thomas, as I did, upon his big play, he will assure you that his happiness is all in the success of Lionel Barrymore who, he insists, has "made" his stirring drama. And he will further assure you that Mr. Barrymore's art is a finer thing than has yet been recognized, and prophesy for the new star a future of widespread, far-reaching rancor.

To which happy augury, we are all, I am sure, most happy subscribers.



Photos Charlotte Fairchild

ELECTRA'S INVOCATION TO THE GODS



ELECTRA SUMMONS THE QUEEN AT AEGISTHUS' COMMAND

Written over two thousand years ago, this Greek play is as vital and gripping to-day as any drama of modern life. Margaret Anglin's Electra is beautiful in its grief as it is terrible in its outbursts of triumphant revenge

NEW YORK SEES A SPLENDID PRODUCTION OF SOPHOCLES' SOUL STIRRING TRAGEDY

THE TOP BALCONY

Do managers know what kind of accommodations they offer their up-stairs patrons? This one didn't, but he does now

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



THE movies have ruined top-balcony patronage for the regular theatres," declared a solemn manager in an interview recently.

It was not exactly an original remark, having been repeated on an average of twice daily in the public prints for the last six or seven years. But whoever heard of saying anything original in a manager's interview? If by any accident one of our theatre barons were to let slip a bright or novel line, he would telegraph it to Washington for copyright before he would let the reporter out of the office.

"Our theatre would have stayed open all season if we could have coaxed people into its upper regions. Downstairs business was immense. The speculators were taking everything ten weeks at a clip. But in the second balcony—nothing doing. It is all the fault of the movies. That second balcony represents our margin of profit."

It was at this point that I summoned all my audacity and ventured a query. "Have you ever been up in the second balcony of this theatre?" I quoth.

"Oh, yes. Of course. Often—that is, I must have—"

"Ever sit there through a performance?" persisted I.

"No, I can't say that I have. Fact is, it's been years since I've sat through a performance anywhere. Can't stand it. Got to smoke. Theatre bores me—"

"Then," said I with well-feigned calmness, "would you mind going with me on a tour of exploration in this second balcony of yours?"

"Sure not! Come right along. We'll look it over. If there's anything wrong with it—"



I WAS preparing for a long, roundabout journey—down by elevator and up by stairs—between the private office and the "peanut heaven." The great man, however, rose casually, flicked his cigar ashes on the green velvet carpet, and—exactly like one of the romantic heroes who not long since graced his stage—pressed a concealed spring in the wall. A panel slid back, revealing a short passage with a narrow door at the other end. The manager unlocked this door, and gliding through, we found ourselves at the rear of the second balcony.

"The architect," he explained, "insisted on putting in this passage so I could drop in at any time and see how my play was being done. As if I didn't have anything else to do! I haven't used the thing twice in seven years."

It was about one-thirty in the afternoon, and the doors had not yet been thrown open for the matinée.

"Come," I said boldly. "I am going to take you to the best seats upstairs." At least they've been sold to me for that by your veracious ticket-seller in the box-office. 'Absolutely perfect view of the stage; front row; centre aisle; one dollar each—and war tax.'"

The house lights had not yet been turned on. I took the manager gently by the hand and led him to the precipitous stairway known as the centre aisle.

"Just imagine yourself arriving two minutes after the house is darkened for the first act," I suggested.

The manager missed the first step, as I spoke, muttered an involuntary imprecation, seized my shoulder in a viselike clutch, and grabbed at a gas pipe arrangement at the end of the nearest row of seats. The thing was loose at the floor and nearly came away altogether in his hand. Between it and me, however, he was saved, though dizzy, and he managed to lumber down the remainder of the steep and tortuous trail without further mishap.

Excellent preparation for a tour of the Grand Canyon," I observed. "Here we are at the first row center. You are my guest; take the second seat from the aisle. Make yourself comfortable for the afternoon."



POSSIBLY he did not instantly detect the subtle irony in my tone. At all events, he bent himself to the task of thrusting his somewhat bulky anatomy into the space he had allotted to the lucky patron who happens to purchase A-4. "Task" is the word. Hercules did several easier things among his celebrated dozen assorted labors.

"Note, first of all," I went on sweetly, "the back of the seat. It is metal and perfectly straight. No expense has been spared to make it uncompromisingly rigid. To have it bent into anything like a back-fitting form would be an abomination of luxury. Besides, observe that this plain, straight sheet of metal runs the length of the entire row and thus serves as a back for a dozen or more seats."

"Turn your attention, please, to the seats themselves. You can put your hat on the floor if you like; there's no wire hat-holder underneath this hinged board. One of the hinges, by the way, is broken, and the seat is tipped so that, when you feel like it, you can coast off onto the floor—that is, you could do so if it were not for this fence in front of you against which you brace your knees. For arm-rests here are two metal uprights with a wooden top-piece one inch wide. You can put your elbows there for the evening—if you get here first. When you sit in the top balcony, it pays to come early."

By this time the celebrated producer of "My Underrated Wife" and "Susie the Shrimp" had succeeded in crowding himself into A-4. When I had thrust my own personality into A-2 and deftly jabbed his elbow from the common arm-rest, he had exactly enough room left to expand and contract his diaphragm three inches.



FULLY to appreciate the situation," I explained, carefully avoiding splitting an infinitive—not that he would know the difference, but—"Fully to appreciate the situation you should have your fur overcoat, rubbers, two umbrellas and a package to bestow about you. And now," I added in fiendish glee, "take a slant at the stage."

The manager did his best. The upper half of the proscenium arch—in which, of course, very few plays are performed—was clearly visible to the naked eye. So were the footlights;

the electrician was just now playing with them, and they flashed directly in our eyes unshielded. But of the rather important space between the footlights and the upper half of the proscenium all that the great man could discern was a few scattered areas separated by gaspipe railings, horizontal and vertical, and massive products of the plumbing art designed to protect the two-dollar public below.

It is very annoying in the theatre to have some careless denizen of the second balcony come tumbling down upon you. Like as not he will do it just as some important business of the play is being considered. And then before you can compose yourself and gather up the threads of your scattered attention, you have lost the continuity of the plot.

I explained all this to the famous manager. "It is more important," I conceded in advance and without a struggle, "that there should be no such unpleasant little incidents than that the occupants of Second Balcony A-2 and -4 should see anything of the play. Anyhow, by twisting and craning their necks and dislocating the ribs of their neighbors they may catch fleeting glimpses of the actors—or at least of the actors' wigs. And they can nearly always hear."

"I personally instruct my players to speak up," observed the manager.

"I know it," said I, instinctively feeling for the cotton in the last ear I had to have operated on. "You'd better look after the roof, too, before the building inspector comes around. But speaking of the high cost of metal," I went on cheerily, "would it not perhaps be better to do away with some of these gaspipe entanglements and stretch a net below the rim of the gallery? Such an arrangement would serve to collect hats, umbrellas, opera glasses, candy boxes, programmes, etc., which could be retrieved after the final curtain."



AND during the *entr'actes* your cramped top-story customers might obtain exercise and relaxation by diving into the net. It would provide amusement for the aristocracy below as well, and help them forget the 'orchestra' concealed beneath the chicken-wire fence."

The manager, who has a positive gift for unconscious quotation, struggled up out of the seat and quoted Whistler. "Amazing!" he said.

He would have withdrawn, but I detained him with honeyed arts. "Bear in mind all the details," I cooed, "if you would get the full benefit of the second balcony adventure. To begin with, you reach it by means of a long and tortuous climb, which, if it doesn't warm, at least flurries the cockles of the heart. If at the top you continue alert and agile, you may appropriate a programme—printed apparently on discarded wrapping paper and cunningly concealed in an obscure corner. When the usher has condescended to glance at your coupons, he will bark more or less like a dyspeptic seal, wave his arm magniloquently toward the depths, and graciously permit you to locate your seats as best you may."

The manager said nothing, but as we regained his sanctum murmured, "Maybe we've been blaming too much on the movies."

A dramatic presentation of the Biblical story. The beginning is told by two narrators, the tale leading into Job's conversation with his three friends and later with Elihu. The lighting, scenery, voices and general effect is very striking and gripping. The stage version is presented with such reverent realism, sympathetic suggestion and declamatory skill that the beauty of the text is revealed in all its splendor

(Right) George Gaul as Job



Photos White

George Gaul

Walter Hampden

Henry Buckler

Eugene Stockdale

Edgar Stehli

Job's conversation with his three friends and Elihu

THE BOOK OF JOB—A MINE OF GORGEOUS POETRY

THE TYRANNY OF TEARS

"We cry" says Mary Ryan, "because laughter alone cannot express our emotions"

By VERA BLOOM



HAVE you ever, until this year, seen Jane Cowl, Emily Stevens, Mary Ryan, or Margaret Illington really smile? Not sarcastically or tearfully, but just a smile with no hidden motive behind it.

And while you were enjoying a good cry through one of their most tearful plays, didn't you realize that, instead of the third-act curtain finding them a limp heap on the floor, they would have liked to make one of those arch "Follow me!" exits reserved for comedy heroines alone. And that if all the misery is cleared away for the final curtain, instead of having just enough strength left to sob on the hero's shoulder, they would like to be all ingénued up, curled on the arm of a big chair, playing havoc with the leading man's toupee!

All four of them have been under the tyranny of tears for too many years, until Margaret Illington, leaving "The Thief" and "Kindling" behind her, launched out with "Our Little Wife," most farcical of farces, and now with John Drew in "The Gay Lord Quex," where she only renounces the merry Muse for part of an act.

Through all her stage sobbing, Miss Illington was hiding from the public one of the most natural and infectious laughs in the world. She laughs and the world laughs with her, if it knows the reason why or not. She is naturally so bubbling over with good fun that it seems only some freak of chance could have made her a tragedienne.

I caught her in one of her happiest moods one day and asked her how it came about.



I REALLY don't know," she said, and the dark eyes that were twinkling so a moment before grew thoughtful, "but, strangely, tragedy has always been my natural forte. When I'm playing a comedy scene, I am consciously acting every minute. Perhaps it is the advantage of being able to completely forget myself and my own feelings in a dramatic rôle, that has made me turn to heavier parts.

"So the 'tyranny of tears' was quite congenial to me, and I'm sure I would have been satisfied to go on weeping forever, if it hadn't been for the war. Then all our little footlight troubles seemed so meaningless, and our 'big scenes' so unimportant, when we could hear the troops marching past the theatre on their way 'over there.'"

"The big things of life had been suddenly taken out of our hands, and the stage could only do the 'bit' that was left to it, and supply the froth and gaiety that had been crowded out of the world.

"That is why London only accepts the airiest of farces, and that is why we want more and more to be amused. The play may not be worthy, but if it can make us forget, and keep happiness and laughter alive, even if artificially, it has served its purpose.

"But I still love my persecuted heroines, and after the boys come marching home, and we have our own joys to think about again, I will come back more tearful than ever before!"

Perhaps Jane Cowl has wept more than any

actress we have, surely she has had more than her share of sadness, and she had to take her pen in hand herself and write "Lilac Time" to escape another deluge of tears. Her little war romance is hardly all sunshine, but Miss Cowl and her collaborator, Jane Murfin, are hard at work on a simon-pure comedy to be produced in the Spring.

Jane Cowl is even more lovely behind the scenes than behind the footlights, so it is quite a task to look at her and listen to what she is saying at the same time. But I did gather that, though the war means quite as much to her as to Miss Illington, her comedy parts are more the result of praiseworthy ambition than anything else.



REAL art—the medium does not matter—must combine laughter and tears," Miss Cowl explained, "even the truly artistic clown grips your heart through his most ridiculous antics, and you find yourself laughing and crying at the same time. That is really the secret of Charlie Chaplin's greatness—for there is no question of his being a real artist. And, of course, at the other end of the scale, are Maude Adams and David Warfield, who always give us that exquisite sensation that has no name.

"I've sounded the depths of stage misery, if not of tragedy—now I want to try the other extreme and play the merriest parts I can find. Then, perhaps, I will know how to put two and two together and find that precious medium that may only be a gift from the gods and cannot be found, after all!"

Unlike most stage heroines, Emily Stevens is usually more persecuting than persecuted. In "The Unchastened Woman," "To-day," and other plays she has had, she dominates the action by the force and brilliance of the characters she plays, rather than being weakly buffeted about by the plot.

And now that the open season for critics is on—for Alan Dale's first play, "The Madonna of the Future," has come to town with Miss Stevens as the star, we find her in a "straight comedy," but more headstrong and cynically clever than ever.

She is quite the same in her dressing-room as on the stage. The same crisp, brittle sentences, the same sharp, constant gestures, the same hard, fascinating smile—and still she is undeniably charming.

"There's no reason for my doing comedy," she told me during the intermission that marks her year's elopement as Iris Fotheringay. "I take the first suitable play that comes along. The play's always the thing, you know. If it's good, it doesn't make the slightest difference if it makes us laugh or cry."



YOU must feel sure of your public, then, to have them follow you in joy or sorrow!"

"Not at all," she said, "they don't come to see me—they come to see a good play. Perhaps

there is a star or two who could even draw in a Punch-and-Judy show! But they have the personality to make any play of secondary importance.

"I know no more about my future plans than you do. I have no choice between comedy or drama—I never did. The only thing I never could be was a sweet, young thing—there isn't a drop of ingénue blood in me!"

"By the way," added Mrs. Fiske's niece, "if ever you're looking for a true friend in a company, find the adventuress—the sweet-as-sugar ingénue is invariably a cat!"

That was Alan Dale's heroine's cue, and Emily Stevens was gone.

Unlike Miss Stevens, Mary Ryan has made her place on the stage by being delicate, wistful and appealing, and has just opened in "The Little Teacher" with great success. In it she plays the New York heroine of a Maine comedy-drama, and laughs and cries simultaneously according to the best Adams-Warfield standards.

"Going back" to see Miss Ryan while she was playing in "On Trial" or "The House of Glass," you invariably found her subdued and tired. But after the performance of her new part the other day she was radiantly happy, and brimming over with the youthful spirit of the play.

"I've been off the stage over a year, just waiting for the right comedy to come along," she said. "You can't imagine what it meant to play those agonizing parts, day after day, for years. It was impossible to make the audience feel the crushing strength of the situations, unless I really felt it to some extent myself."



MY youth was slipping away from me, and I was letting it go without playing the happiness and romance that belong to it. Then some day, when I refused to be tearful and tragic any longer, I would find all those harrowing parts had left their mark, and I couldn't be gay and care-free if I tried!

"There are tears in this play, of course, plenty of them! But don't you realize that they're all tears of happiness—tears with a smile behind them? We cry because laughter alone cannot express our emotions."

"But didn't your 'harrowing parts' help you to appreciate and interpret this one?" I asked, "After all, the audience takes its emotions from the actress; we feel only through you."

"No, no, you only think you do!" she protested. Mary Ryan is incredibly modest, and entirely sincere. "First, there's always the author, then the stage manager, and in this case, George M. Cohan besides, for he directed the final rehearsals. The players' performance is the result of many minds, not of his own alone. But our part is to interpret the emotions of the character, and, of course, to have played rôles with such deep emotions, helps greatly to shade the lighter ones.

"But a play like this is any actress' dream. To be young, to have an unusual romance, to be merry, and to be emotional besides, leaves nothing to ask for, does it?"

Mary Ryan's happiness would make anyone glad that the "tyranny of tears" is at an end.



Ira L. Hill

You can't imagine what it means to play agonizing parts day after day for years, says Miss Ryan



Probably Miss Cowl has wept more than any actress we have on our stage



Through all her stage sobbing Miss Illington hides from the public one of the most natural laughs in the world



Sarony

Unlike most stage heroines Miss Stevens is usually more persecuting than persecuted

ACTRESSES WHOSE LACRYMAL DUCTS HAVE DONE THE STAGE GOOD SERVICE



EDWIN NICANDER AND MARY BOLAND
IN "SICK-A-BED" AT THE GAIETY



HARRY FOX AND LOUISE COX
IN "OH, LOOK!" AT THE VANDERBILT



Photos White

Walter Catlett

Mercedes Lorenze

SCENE IN "FOLLOW THE GIRL" AT THE BROADHURST THEATRE

AMONG THE LESS SERIOUS PRODUCTIONS

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



CARNEGIE HALL. "MEDEA."
Tragedy in 3 acts by Euripides. Pro-
duced March 1st, with this cast:

Medea	Margaret Anglin
Nurse	Margaret Hoffman
Creon	Mitchell Harris
Jason	Frederic Eric
Messenger	Marc Loebel

TWO additional performances of "Electra" were needed in order to satisfy the demands of Miss Margaret Anglin's intelligent and numerous admirers; while preceding these revivals, this indefatigable actress and sole exponent of the great figures of Greek tragedy found time with the able co-operation of Livingston Platt and Walter Damrosch to give a remarkable presentation of the "Medea" of Euripides at Carnegie Hall.

It is both significant and encouraging that an experiment of such high artistic purpose and accomplishment should have met with such gratifying success. It proves that taste is not entirely dead and that more than eighteen thousand metropolitans exist who can still derive pleasure and entertainment from the classics.

Quite as sumptuous and gorgeous in production, I confess, in spite of the modernity of his appeal, that I liked the Sophoclean presentation better than the one of "Medea." I'd go so far as to suggest that the text be cut for however great and able the exponent of the title rôle, there is something too much of Medea and her wrongs. Methinks the lady doth protest too much, still should the most lavish praise be paid to Miss Anglin for the vividly varied reading she gave of the daughter of the Barbarian queen, the ill-fated consort of the ungracious and self-centered Jason. As a declamatory *tour de force* it was remarkable, aided by pantomimic intelligence and plastic grace that gave its varying words and eloquence tremendous in its onrushing sweep of tragic significance.

Mr. Platt's setting was ideal in its imposing dignity and chaste simplicity while the orchestral accompaniment—the music plays a minor part compared to its relation to the "Electra"—from Damrosch's pen showed that composer's skill in a high and admirable light.

GLOBE. "THE BOOK OF JOB."
Produced on March 7th, with this cast:

Narrators	
Job	Margaret Mower and Judith Lowry
Eliphaz	George Gaul
Bilbad	Henry Buckler
Zophar	Edgar Stehli
Elihu	Eugene Stockdale
The Voice Out of the Whirlwind	Walter Hampden
	David Bispham

IT would actually seem as if public taste were improving. Really, though I think taste is always on top and that some of our so-called commercial managers overlook it, Margaret Anglin's season of Greek tragedy, jammed Carnegie Hall; the Shakespearean revivals at the Cort have done well, and now Stuart Walker comes to the front with a dramatic presentation of the Book of Job and packs the Booth Theatre.

"The Book of Job" is not dramatic save in its elements of intellectual and spiritual conflict; but the version acted is presented with such reverent realism, picturesque and appropriate detail, sympathetic suggestion and declamatory skill, varied and intelligent, that the beauty of the text is revealed in all its splendor, while none in front can entirely elude the value of its great ethical lesson.

The presentation was admirable but there seemed an anti-climax in The Voice Out of the Whirlwind. David Bispham's organ, beautifully resonant, could not be entirely heard due to the fact that from where he stood he was compelled to talk around a corner. George Gaul was the Job. His reading was remarkable in its vivid variety, while his poses and bearing typified the suffering patriarch with beautiful verity.

Walter Hampden was almost as successful as Elihu, while Messrs. Buckler, Stehli and Stockdale were worthy exponents of the rôles of Eliphaz, Bilbad and Zophar.

The two narrators, from their respective niches in the inner proscenium, Margaret Mower and Judith Lowry read the opening and closing chapters of the Book of Job with noble sincerity and feeling.

PLYMOUTH. "THE WILD DUCK."
Play in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced on March 11th, with this cast:

Werle	Dodson Mitchell
Gregers Werle	Harry Mestayer
Old Ekdal	Edward Connelly
Hjalmar Ekdal	Lionel Atwill
Gina Ekdal	Amy Veness
Hedvig	Mme. Nazimova
Mrs. Sorby	Norah Lamison
Relling	Lyster Chambers
Molvik	St. Clair Bayfield
Graberg	Adelbert Knott
Pettersen	A. O. Huhn
Jensen	Frederick Gibbs
A Flabby Gentleman	Walter C. Wilson
A Thin-Haired Gentleman	J. H. Wright
A Short-Sighted Gentleman	

George Paige

I HAVE no hesitation in saying that the best all around acted play I have seen in years is now on view at the Plymouth where Nazimova and associates are presenting "The Wild Duck" and although it was written nearly thirty-five years ago, this is the first time it has been acted here in English.

Whether you are interested in its fable, whether you can solve its symbolism, whether you care for its incisive philosophy or its mordant satire and it is replete with grim humor, the fact remains after witnessing it that if you have any familiarity with the drama, something intuitively tells you you have seen a play of almost perfect workmanship. The insularity of so many of his subjects and the pressing ascription to local details, limits the general popularity of his theatre but the fact remains that Ibsen was a great exponent of character and the leader of the 19th Century in the composition of real human and convincing drama. He was the reformer who actually accomplished.

An egotistic dreamer, his homely practical wife, with a hidden past, a well-meaning but Quixotic exponent of the "claims of the ideal," the child, the revelation of whose parentage brings about the tragedy and sundry local characters of vivid personality work out a story that never fails to grip from start to finish. Let no Philistine draw back feeling he is invading the Highbrow's select preserve. "The Wild Duck" is drama of the vital kind for all men and all ages.

Nazimova plays the child with a fine artistic perception. Life-like in the every movement and mood of a girl of fourteen her performance is beautifully attuned to the necessity of the balance.

SHUBERT. "THE COPPERHEAD." Drama in four acts by Augustus Thomas, from a story by Frederick Landis. Produced on February 18th, with this cast:

Joey Shanks	Raymond Hackett
Grandma Perley	Eugenie Woodward
Ma Shanks	Doris Rankin
Captain Hardy	Albert Phillips
Milt Shanks	Lionel Barrymore
Mrs. Bates	Evelyn Archer
Sue Perley	Gladys Burgette
Lem Tollard	Ethelbert Hales
Newt Gillespie	William Norton
Andrews	Harry Hadfield
Sam Carter	Chester Morris
Philip Manning	Thomas Carrigan
Mrs. Manning	Grace Reals
Dr. Randall	Hayden Stevenson

IN this third great crisis of our national life we are predisposed to be interested in a story of patriotic service and self-sacrifice. This play, made from a story by Mr. Frederick Landis, has the atmosphere of our Civil War. The subject matter at once enlists our sympathies. But if the play is to endure, the facts and motives involved in the silence of the principal character—something on which the whole play hinges—should be made more definite and consistent.

In the early part of the war a loyal man, Milt Shanks, is directed by Lincoln to give himself out as a Copperhead and by getting into the counsels of the pernicious enemies of the administration to thwart their activities. He does this, and for twenty years after the war is despised in his community. To save the happiness of his granddaughter, whose marriage is threatened, he produces letters from Lincoln which re-establish his good name.

It may be that somewhere in the play there is justification for the long and unnecessary silence of Milt Shanks, his sufferings and the sufferings he imposed on others dear to him, but it is not clear enough. That is the fault in the play and it is a fatal one.

Lionel Barrymore, as the misunderstood man, gives us a superb, artistic and natural performance. If he had the stature, the mould of dignity commensurate with the bigness of the moment, it would be a great performance, all the more if the situation had entire truth back of it.

The rest of the cast do not call for special mention. Most of the time the actors were inarticulate. One had to guess at half they said. When will correct diction be insisted upon as an important part of an actor's equipment?

COMEDY. "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION." Play in four acts by

George Bernard Shaw. Revived on March 11th, with this cast:

Vivian Warren	Diantha Pattison
Mr. Praed	Arthur Hohl
Mrs. Warren	Mary Shaw
Sir George Crofts	Robert Strange
Frank Gardner	Saxon Kling
The Rev. Samuel Gardner	Samuel Jaffe

NOT the love, but the inequality of the distribution of money, according to G. B. Shaw, is the root of all evil. Said inequality forced Kitty Warren into the ancient but not honorable profession wherein she so signally prospered. It forced Sir George Crofts—presumably—into a shuddery partnership with her. It forced young Frank Gardner into frivolous inutility. Maybe it even forced his preposterous pater into the Church. At all events, it left Vivvie Warren stranded high and dry on the pinnacle of woman's widely advertised but exceedingly lonesome economic independence at the end of the play.

The Washington Square Players' revival of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was without police intervention. As a matter of fact, the piece seems almost mid-Victorian by comparison with latter-day stage presentations. And police interference—as is so often the case, alas, these days—would not have been justified on the score of the acting.

EMPIRE. "THE OFF CHANCE." Comedy in 4 acts by R. C. Carton. Produced February 14th, with this cast:

Duke of Burchester	Cyril Keightley
Lord Cardonnell	E. Lyall Swete
Sir George Rainsford	Albert Grau
Cornelius Jeffcott Bayne	John Cope
Major Bagleigh	Edward Emery
Mr. Brunson	Thomas Louden
Deade	Charles Webster
Meecher	J. M. Troughton
Lethbridge	Charles Gibson
Duchess of Burchester	Eva Le Gallienne
Lady Rainsford	Cecilia Radcliffe
Madame Maria De Blanca	
	Marcelle Roussillon
Mrs. Meecher	Clara T. Bracy
Watson	Louise Worthington
Lady Cardonnell	Ethel Barrymore

R. C. CARTON thoroughly understands the mechanics of playwriting. If his point of view were a trifle broader he would write greater plays than "The Off Chance," which Ethel Barrymore selected as a successor to "Camille" at the Empire.

"The Off Chance" is excellent of its kind. It tells a story of human and moving interest, most of its situations have theatrical value, its dialogue is smart and slangy, typical of its sporting contingent, and its characters sufficiently lifelike to evoke sustained interest.

Miss Barrymore is seen as Lady Cardonnell, wife of a complaisant and good-natured bounder. It is her second venture, her first husband, a priggish, conventional Baronet, having divorced her. Her child, a daughter, separated from her when a baby, has married the youthful and sporting Duke of Burchester. A domestic crisis is imminent, although the young couple really love each other. Lady Cardonnell sizes up the situation, sets her very efficient wits to work and brings about a reconciliation, after adventuresses and blacklegs have been circumvented, priggishness piloried and a general restoration of the entente entirely established.

Lady Cardonnell naturally represents a type that Miss Barrymore is perfectly equipped for portraying. The attributes of a woman of the world are hers by instinct. Polish, suavity, humor and a gentle touch of maternal devotion are qualities she can command at will. Altogether refreshingly delightful is the assumption. E. Lyall Swete, who staged so wonderfully "Chu Chin Chow," proves himself an admirable actor as well. He plays Cardonnell.

GAIETY. "SICK-A-BED." Farical comedy by Ethel Watts Mumford. Produced February 25th, with this cast:

Constance Weems	Mary Newcombe
Patrick	Edward O'Connor
Saji	David Burton
John Weems	John Flood
Mr. Chalmers	Frank Connor
Reginald Jay	Edwin Nicander
Dr. Flexner	Charles E. Evans
Dr. Widner	Dallas Welford
Miss Durant	Mary Boland
Miss Hepworth	Julia Ralph
Dr. Robert Macklyn	George Parsons
	(Specially engaged)
Officer	Thomas Allyn

OUTSIDE of a deficient structure a set of preposterous characters and inept dialogue, this piece is all right.

It concerns a returned African explorer (who in real life could never have made his way from 42nd Street to Columbus Circle). To avoid testifying in a divorce suit he is persuaded to feign illness under the care of two fantastic quacks, a muddle-headed lawyer, a handsome day nurse, a homely night one, an eccentric guardian and a Japanese valet. At intervals he is pestered by the would-be *divorcée*, a lady of obviously excessive temperament.

The acting is generally capable, but practically all the players are hampered by the uncertainty of their rôles.

COMEDY. "YOUTH." Play in 3 acts by Miles Malleon. Produced February 20th.

ONLY a trifle more than a month did "Youth" hold the boards at the Comedy. The play in theme and execution well bore out its title. It was distinctly refreshing in its enthusiastic handling, both by its author and its interpreters, the Washington Square Players. Its revelation of life behind the scenes was freshly and amusingly presented and the story of a playwright, who had hit upon a theme he was called upon in real life to solve, brought into relief a number of scenes of undoubted psychological value.

HUDSON. "THE MASTER." Comedy in 3 acts by Hermann Bahr. Received February 19th.

ARNOLD DALY'S faith in Herr Hermann Bahr is touching.

In part the play was better acted this year than last. Ann Andrews was more acceptable as the master's wife who followed his example in the matter of sexual freedom than was the former interpreter of the rôle. Harry Mestayer made the Japanese doctor extraordinarily real. As for Mr. Daly, he is a good actor who is doing all he can to make himself banal. He rants and preaches and roars most inexplicably instead of being human as he knows so well how to be.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "HER COUNTRY." Play in 4 acts by Rudolph Besier and Sybil Spottiswoode. Produced February 21st, with this cast:

Mrs. Kolbeck	Winona Bridges
Paul	/ Walter Plinge
Major Kolbeck	Redfield Clarke
Elsa Kolbeck	Margaret Vaune
Margaret Tinworth	Rosa Lynd
Kurt Hartling	Alexander Onslow
Otto Von Otterberg	George Hollett
Mr. Tinworth	Charles Fleming
Schmidt	Edward Broadley
Minna	Mary Broome
Sophie Von Dorn	Adele Klaer
Erica Krauss	Bertha Broad
Mrs. Munroe	Maude Milton
Ralph Munroe	William Williams
Lieut. Reinkampf	Anthony Blair
Lieut. Von Sieb	Edward Reece
Lieut. Delmann	Frank Ross
Lieut. Von Prossheim	Charles Haines
Mrs. Colonel Von Rapp	Marion Kerby

THIS play, which is excellent propaganda at the present time, is one of the most absorbing and significant and one of the best acted plays of the current season. Called in London "Kultur at Home," the piece is a complete and illuminating *exposé* of the Prussian mediævalism which civilization has combined to exterminate.

The heroine, an American girl, marries a Prussian officer. Very shortly thereafter she begins to learn that she has also married Germany—arrogant, self-worshipping, and unutterably dunderhead. Her husband loves her money and her body, but he is separated from her mind and soul by an infinitely great divide.

During two acts her struggles against the coarseness, the animalism, and the tyranny with which she is surrounded are graphically depicted. She is expected to be a sort of head servant in her husband's house, subject always to his whims, caprices and commands, and subservient to the dictation of the wife of his superior officer. Moreover, she is always under the scrutiny of her neighbors, brutally suspicious of every non-German trait she reveals.

Eventually she rebels when the Colonel's wife, who has come to regulate her household, insults America. To save her husband's career she must apologize. When he demands that she do it in writing, she refuses and is thereupon subjected to physical violence. He marches away to battle with her—to him—incomprehensible ultimatum that she cannot love him, ringing in his ears as an accompaniment to "*Deutschland über Alles*."

All good Americans who are not familiar with the Teuton at home should see this play.

EAST-WEST PLAYERS

THE East-West Players this year at the Lenox Little Theatre continued their tradition of presenting short plays from the Yiddish in English by producing "Winter," by Sholom Asch, "The Shadchen's Daughter," by Abraham Reisin, and "Abigail," by David Pinski. The first two are genre sketches, the former serious, the latter farcical, and both deal with the parental problem of marrying off the daughters.

"Winter" seemed scarcely worth doing on the stage—or perhaps it is too difficult for the West to appreciate the tragedy of the elder unmarried daughter at the moment when the younger is taking a husband. Margaret Anglin found the situation matter for comedy in "Green Stockings." The shadchen, or marriage broker, in the second piece, is a sort of farce Shylock. When his daughter spoils his best bargain by marrying a wealthy customer, he promptly replaces the customer with the girl's rejected suitor—a poet who is constrained to part with his long hair.

The non-Yiddish part of this year's programme is "Pawns," by Percival Wilde. The author, "who has laid aside his pen to put on a uniform," took pains to assure his audience that "Pawns" is not pacifistic. The precaution was hardly necessary. The pawns are Russian *moujiks*, summoned to mobilization without knowing even what the word means. They are instructed by a drunken sergeant, who shoots down one of the Austrians and is promptly strangled by his victim's companion. "Pawns" is a portrait of unsophistication which aids one in comprehending the Bolshevik dominance in Russia.

CORT. "AS YOU LIKE IT." Comedy in three acts by William Shakespeare.

FOR the second of her series of Shakespearean matinées at the Cort, Edith Wynne Matthison revived "As You Like It." Her Rosalind is a gracious, poetical and buoyant presentation instinct with refined humor and feminine charm.

Howard Kyle was the Jaques and fairly revelled in its declamatory opportunities. Pedro de Cordoba was an engaging Orlando and Charles Webster an Oliver of convincing bearing and speech. Adrienne Morrison was an excellent Celia while Percival Vivian doubling Le Beau and William proved himself a Shakespearean comedian of distinct ability.

THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER. "LES MAUVAIS BERGERS."

FOR a reason rather obscure, the plays that have a serious not to call it sad tendency produced at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier have drawn the largest audiences. Such comedies as would be apt to interest the faithful patrons of the frivolous theatres in Paris do not draw more than a corporal's guard here. Possibly this is due to the fact that the language of tragedy is more easily comprehended by people whose French is more or less sketchy. I refer to the actual talk on the stage and am not applying that phrase "the language of tragedy" in the grand manner.

The latest offering of this type, Octave Mirbeau's "Les Mauvais Bergers," has proved no exception and its gloom sufficed to fill the little house. It ends in a triple death scene and despite its argument of the old quarrel between capital and labor (an untimely story to-day it should seem) nothing is accom-

plished. In Bernhardt's old part Suzanne Bing did some of her best work and in the fourth act, where she calls back the crowd of strikers and renews their faith in their leader, she rose above herself. M. Copeau's acting as the strike leader, the rôle played by Lucien Guitry in Paris, is on the high plane of his Ivan in the play from the Russian which immediately preceded this one.

COHAN. "Toot-Toot." Musical comedy in two acts, adapted from Rupert Hughes' farce "Excuse Me." Book by Edgar Allan Woolf; lyrics by Berton Braley; music by Jerome Kern. Produced on March 11th, with this cast:

Lieutenant Shaw	Louis A. Templeman
Lieutenant Hudson	Anthony Hughes
Porter	Harry Fern
James Wellington	Edward Garvie
Mrs. Wellington	Flora Zabelle
Walter Colt, D.D.	Earl Benham
Mrs. Colt	Louise Groody
Captain Jones	Greek Evans
Sergeant Flint	Norman Bryan
Lieutenant Mallory	Donald Macdonald
Marjorie Newton	Louise Allen
Messenger Boy	Lew Renard
A Ballyhoo	Alonzo Price
Train Boy	Ernie Adams
Conductor	Ben Hendricks

HAS anybody made a musical show of "What Happened to Jones" or "Twin Beds" or "Seven Days" or "Box and Cox" or "Gammer Gurton's Needle"? If not, I wish they'd hurry up and do it and get it over with. Evidently we must possess our souls in patience until the whole string of standard farces has been musicalized and recrudesced. Thereafter—but not before—we may hope for something worth while in the field of *opéra comique*.

"Excuse Me," done with song and dance, becomes "Toot-Toot." It was a funnier show as "Excuse Me." As for the songs and dances, they would have served just as well as adornments for an intimate version of "John A. Greene; or, The Pinner of Wakefield."

There are bright patches in "Toot-Toot"—for the most part dance numbers—but the dull stretches predominate. It's a long, monotonous trip to Reno, take it all in all. There are some attractive songs *en route*, but the comedy is either infantile or musty.

Greek Evans' baritone is about the only voice worth mentioning. Flora Zabelle confirms the suspicion that she is a hardy perennial. Louise Groody and Louise Allen are the other girls remembered. Both can sing a little and dance a good deal more. Louise is good-looking.

VANDERBILT. "Oh, Look!" Musical comedy in two acts. Music by Harry Carroll. Lyrics by Joseph McCarthy. Suggested by James Montgomery's "Ready Money." Produced on March 7th, with this cast:

Stephen Baird	Harry Fox
Sidney Rosenthal	George Sidney
Sam Welch	Alfred Kappeler
William Stewart	Clarence Nordstrom
James E. Morgan	Alexander F. Frank
Hon. John H. Tyler	Albert Sackett
Jackson Ives	Frederick Burton
Captain West	Harry Kelly
Neil	Charles Mussett
James Clark	Ted Wing
Grace Tyler	Louise Cox
Genevieve Tyler	Genevieve Tobin
Mrs. John H. Tyler	Amelia Gardner
Margy Elliott	Florence Bruce
Bertha Smith	Betty Hope Hale
Peggy Warburton	Mildred Sinclair
Frances Huntley	Betty Hamilton

STILL another in the endless procession of old farces bedecked with song is "Oh, Look!" which is James Montgomery's "Ready Money" revamped. With the exception of one song "Chasing Rainbows," and possibly the finale, the first half of the piece is deadly dull. The second half livens up considerably, thanks chiefly to the late arrival of Harry Kelly as a burlesque detective.

Everybody who has ever gone to the theatre or the movies knows Montgomery's old story about how money attracts money. The mining stock salesman merely displays \$50,000 in bills and is immediately flooded with cash. Then his partner at the mine opportunely strikes gold.

Harry Fox is the mining stock man. One can hardly accuse him of being much of an actor; yet his is a winning smile and a rather deft comic sense. Since deserting vaudeville, oddly enough, his former radiant self-satisfaction has given place to an air of almost dejection. And playing opposite him in "Oh, Look!" is Miss Louise Cox, who seems also very fond of looking melancholy.

For the most part "Oh, Look!" is a series of songs, totally unrelated to the basic farce, separated by three or four lines of dialogue and most vilely cued. The music is sure to prove catchy; it has done so before. As for the lyrics—well, they rhyme "Rosenthal" with "knows it all." Mr. Wodehouse never does that. Grant and Wing and another contortionist dancer, unidentified, help the second half considerably.

39TH STREET. "A CURE FOR CURABLES." Comedy in four acts by Earl Derr Biggers and Lawrence Whitman, suggested by Corra Har-

ris' short story. Produced on February 25th, with this cast:

Mrs. Hamilton Blaine	Ada C. Nevil
Elizabeth Rankin	Adelyn Wesley
Bishop Rutledge	Carson Davenport
Dutton	George Lund
Mrs. Margaret Forster	Edith Shayne
Jeanne	Fanchon Duval
Colonel Fairchild	Charles E. Verner
Philip	Harold White
Phyllis Blaine	Clara Moores
Frederick Jamieson	Edward Wonn
Robert Gleason	George Barr
Herbert Davies	Clarence Bellair
Dr. Parker	Robert Wayne
Corn	Frederick Strong
J. Cunningham Hale	Brigham Royce
Watkins	David Marshall
Shep	Jerry Hart
David Manville	Joseph Weber
Dr. James Pendergrass	William Hodge
Judge Luckett	James H. Lewis
Jack Morris	James C. Malaidy
Sheriff	Arthur E. Sprague
Deputy Sheriff	Ford Record

WILLIAM HODGE is a comedian with a following. His is a dry humor that is quite irresistible to some. Personally I prefer the more obvious Sam Bernard school of happy fooling but there is no accounting for taste.

In "A Cure for Curables" the star is the center of a group of fashionable invalids who haunt a "rest cure." He undertakes to cure ten of them in a month, and the fun begins. Of course, there is a love interest, a touch of melodrama, and a happy ending which as things go nowadays on the stage, is all we can expect in any self-respecting play.

44TH STREET ROOF. "FOLLOW THE GIRL." Musical comedy in three acts by Henry Blossom and Zoel Parenteau. Produced on March 2nd, with this cast:

T. Lyman Niles	William Danforth
Mrs. Niles	Jobyna Howland
Gladys Niles	Eileen Van Biene
Fine	Alice Ryan
Senor Borbarenteau	Robert O'Connor
Edwin Blake	Mercedes Lorenze
Alfred Vanderveer	Harry Fender
"Buck" Sweeny	Walter Catlett
Brophy	Richard Tabor
Albert Vanderveer	Burt Sawyer
Mrs. Vanderveer	Mabel Stanton
First Bell-Boy	Charles Clear
Second Bell-Boy	William Quimby
Rev. Jonas Tod, D.D.	Ralph Nairn
William Tell	George L. Bickel
Mademoiselle Anna	Louise White
Washington	Charles Clear

THE redeeming feature of this musical comedy is the pretty and cozy little theatre itself.

The plot is far below par and except Walter Catlett as Sweeny, who is the whole show, a company of amateurs would fill the bill better.

Productions of this kind are not calculated to help the theatrical business.



Lionel Barrymore

Doris Rankin



Lionel Barrymore

Doris Rankin

Lionel Barrymore plays the part of a man who for forty years has been despised by his neighbors because he is believed to be disloyal to his country. In the first picture we see the actor as the supposed Southern sympathizer from whom all turn in scorn. In the second picture we see him as the hated old man who breaks the enforced silence of years to save his granddaughter's happiness

SCENE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' PLAY "THE COPPERHEAD"



Photos White

Cyril Keightley

Ethel Barrymore

John Cope

"The Off Chance" is the story of how a middle-aged woman patches up the affairs of her daughter, whom she has not seen for years, and a wayward son-in-law who is about to run off with a dancer. The poker game is one of the best scenes in the play

SCENE IN R. C. CARTON'S COMEDY "THE OFF CHANCE"

THE BARRYMORES—ETHEL AND LIONEL—IN NEW PLAYS

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PART

Did you ever try to cast a play? It's a job even more difficult than writing one. Here are some of its problems. Being an interview with

RUPERT HUGHES

AUTHOR OF "EXCUSE ME," ETC.



ONE of the surest ways of getting acute dementia with homicidal tendencies is to endeavor to cast a play and get exactly the right type of man or woman for every rôle. It might be said, if certainty were not one of the things that can never be in matters theatric, that a perfect cast is practically impossible, although audiences are actually critical only in baldly obvious cases of miscasting. Provided the people on the stage approximate in physical appearance, dress, carriage, gestures and voice, the characters they are supposed to represent, the audience is usually satisfied. If they had any idea the trouble the producers have had, if they could conceive the lunacy the author has nearly approached, in the effort to get these approximations, if they could go through the days and weeks of hunting for actors who could look and talk somewhere near the way the characters should look and talk—well, it is best they don't.

"An author contrives a plot and imagines a number of people to act as the figures in it; as the plot grows, these figures become more defined and real; the author gets to know them, invests them with little peculiarities of speech and movement, individualizes them. The producer gets his conception. Then the hunt begins. A perverse demon seizes upon the theatrical world. A man is wanted without obvious physical or mental deformities, who can make up, let us say, like a railroad brakeman—a plain, everyday brakeman without temperament, the kind of brakeman who, when he passes through the train, makes you feel reassured that under ordinary circumstances you can get from Allerton, Iowa, to Chicago, Illinois, safely.



YOU see hundreds of men on Broadway from Thirty-eighth Street to Fiftieth Street who could play that rôle, hundreds of them, every day of the year—except the days or the stretch of days you actually want one. Then they vanish—completely—together—Broadway is deserted of all possible brakemen. And you have the same experience with every other character. Leading men and women are as common as roses used to be in an English garden—but "types," they are as rare as orchids. Getting the right man for the right part, from butler or footpad, to second lead, there is the task that makes you feel sympathetic every time you pass a madhouse.

"No man knows everything about the theatre. That can be set down as an axiom. You might go further and say that few men know anything. That, by the by, is the first thing an author learns about play-producing. The moment his virgin manuscript comes to the point of being really considered seriously by the producing manager, he gets his first glimmering of this truth, and the older he gets, the more thoroughly he learns it. When the producing manager begins to work, the author, who may have still retained some feeble, half-hearted belief in himself, a theory that he does know something about his play, feels his courage ooze away, and in a short time he knows definitely the one great thing we all should learn—that he doesn't know anything.

"When it comes to casting a play, you con-

front one of the most extraordinary and incomprehensible factors in the art of play-producing. You have a part for a young girl, for instance. You let Miss Packard or Miss Fernandez know your desires and some thirty-seven pretty young things appear. At first glance any one of them would seem to fill the bill of requirements. But then when you begin to study this mass of femininity in connection with the play to be produced, and your preconceived ideas, you find that everyone of them is impossible. One is too fat, she may weigh one hundred and eighteen. Another is too thin.



TO your eye there may not be six pounds difference between them, but the verdict is that she is too thin. Another is too pretty. Another isn't pretty enough. One's face will go in repose, but the moment she smiles, you think of a graveyard. One is not graceful enough. Another languishes. Another moves with kittenish activity at the very moment that she should be languid. One is too tall, for the other women. The other is too short. The desirable one is a blonde, but the girl she plays opposite to is a blonde, and you require a brunette. Sometimes the lady's reputation is too bad. Sometimes it is too good. And so it goes.

"Finally you pick out the one that looks all right, and that acts all right; and then she reads a line! The laws about justifiable homicide are so altogether inadequate. When you are at your wits' end, and you can tell from your producing manager's expression that only his Southern ancestry prevents him from saying out loud the things the very air quivers with, the right one appears, somehow. But you feel grey by that time, and it is only the beginning.

"This difficulty is not confined to women. You want, for instance, to get a man whose one line is 'Mr. Jones is waiting to see you.' You leave the Lambs' Club in calm content and walk down Broadway. The overwhelming sense of foreboding that is on one until after the first night deserts you; you might have known what was coming from that alone. Your companion, let us say, is a statistician of repute, who counts thirty-two hundred and fifty actors out of a job. When you get to the producing manager's office you find forty-nine applicants for the heavy task of announcing Mr. Jones. Forty-nine men announce Mr. Jones for your benefit. And the terrible truth bears down on you that while any one of those forty-nine men is legally entitled to become President of the United States, if he could get the job, not one of them could possibly herald Mr. Jones' arrival, upon the stage.



IF one's difficulties are so great in a minor matter, as the announcement of the coming of Mr. Jones, consider the difficulties in getting your leading characters. Let me illustrate what I have in mind by the experience of a friend of mine. This friend had a play in which one of the characters was a typical Texan. And he had a "feeder" and companion who was as short and round as the Texan was tall and slim. The play was produced by a manager who knew a great deal more about New York than he did about Texas. I witnessed the dress rehearsal. The Texan

appeared. For this rôle had been chosen a distinguished and successful English actor; he played the oil shooter exactly as you might imagine in a wild dream, the Honorable Mr. Asquith playing it. It was interesting, but purely interesting. Viewed as a feat of mental legermain, it was amazing. I can consider only one thing on earth more amazing than this man playing this rôle. That would have been the impression of that man's fate if he actually shot an oil well. But strange as he was, jovial companion was even more so. Instead of a short, paunchy individual, there nimbly leaped before the footlights a tall, blonde gentleman. He knew his rôle was a comedy rôle. Constantly he laughed before he uttered every line and laughed after it.

"Let me digress a moment to say something about humorous lines on the stage. It is a subject that has interested me for years; I have talked with the greatest laugh-producers, I have asked them how they got their effects, why they did what they did do. I have studied their work and I have arrived at one conclusion. The actor's job is to deliver the line. There his ends. If a laugh is coming, it is up to the audience to produce it. If the actor laughs, the audience naturally thinks, having paid good money to see something, that his laugh is part of the show. And they sit there patiently and quietly. They are waiting for something to do. Why should they laugh, when there is someone on the stage to laugh for them? It is a safe rule for the actor not to tell the audience that he is going to say something funny before he says it. There is no need of inviting criticism. The mere suggestion that the person in front ought to laugh, arouses the latent antagonism against doing what he should, that is, into active life in all of us on the slightest provocation.



IF the audience doesn't see the point, it is the actor's job to accuse them of being stupid. Probably they know as much as the actor, or the author, or the producers. All the actor has to do is give the line and thank whatever gods there be, if the audience gets it. He can always blame the author.

"Secondly, the actor should not move on a laugh line. The mental attitude of the audience is a very complex one. We are so accustomed to it, that we fail to realize its complexity. But it is a real feat of mental ability—the part of the average audience to get the import of a line. The moment the actor moves he distracts the auditor's attention. The attention of the audience has been focused on what the actor says. If he moves, the audience follows what he does rather than what he says. You can see before you can hear. The mind will follow instinctively the course that calls for the least exertion, and the actor's voice and what he says will be lost in the effort to follow his movements.

"Some years ago, a little one-act sketch mine was produced. The first woman we tried for the rôle was not only ineffective as an actress, but she had eyes the like of which I never saw. They were not large, they were huge, she rolled them, and ogled with them, and



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

MADAME ALLA NAZIMOVA

We have already seen what this Russian actress can do with Ibsen and it has given us an appetite for more. Arthur Hopkins is now presenting her, to the delight of her many admirers, in "The Wild Duck" at the Plymouth Theatre. Later we are to see her as Hedda Gabler and as Nora in "A Doll's House"

rected their beams all over the room. The result was that we all became so interested in following those eyes that we paid no attention to what the woman was saying. No one could, while those eyes roamed about. And that brings me to a point in regard to casting a play. Individual eccentricities on the part of the performers play a rôle that is so delicate as to almost defy analysis. One thing is sure. The finest group of actors in the world cannot make a hopelessly bad play possible, but many a by no means great play has been made popular by good acting. But if you make a mistake in casting, however, you can count on failure.



A PLAY is presented to an audience—a new play. All things being equal, an American play is the most readily understood by an American audience. Despite the extent of the country, there are certain things which are accepted as definitely American, equally in Boston and San Francisco. America is healthy, buoyant, simple, assertive, and emotionally very reticent. Americans talk according to a certain style of their own. It is one of the peculiar fundamental facts of Americans that every one of us prefers in speech the vernacular rather than the elegant and grammatically impeccable. The average American, for instance, becomes very self-conscious if he says, 'the ingredients of which this pie is composed.' He is much more apt to say, 'the things this pie is made of,' and kick grammar and the rules of syntax into the discard. 'Of which' are studied and stilted. And so it goes. The American values dignity and formality and uses it only when the occasion calls for it. Consequently, American playwrights and American actors must have some understanding of these basic fundamental American things. We know Americans talk, move, use their hands, and generally comport themselves in such a way that when we see them, we know them to be American. It's an extraordinary fact but a true one, that many actors cannot do this particular thing.

"For instance, in 'Excuse Me' Tom Walsh played the part of a conductor. He might have stepped from a train in the Grand Central onto the Park Theatre stage. I had had my eye on Walsh for years. When it came to casting the road company, I fled. The same is true of Sweatnam, as the negro porter in this play. As originally written, we had a second porter for the club-car scene. But the moment Sweatnam stepped on the stage, we eliminated the second porter. He would certainly have killed any other negro porter so far as 'Excuse Me' was concerned. It took us weeks to get a minister's wife who would smoke a cigar—that was before Mrs. Fiske had made cigar-smoking by a woman

the correct thing to do on the stage. Then we had a very difficult time in getting fat men, fat jovial men. It is an odd fact that many fat men are as hard as nails, and many lean, skinny men are so soft as velvet, when they get behind the footlights.

"The whole problem is very largely a matter of meeting the unexpressed but very definite public conception of what people of a certain kind, in a certain place and under certain conditions ought to do. Anyone, for instance, with sufficient talent and artistic skill, can play 'Hamlet' or 'Lady Teazle.' They are well established characters, they have an individuality of their own. And to the actor who assails these rôles, the public merely gives the opportunity to show his or her interpretation of a fact. The audience is not so particularly interested in the character as in the actor's presentation of the character, a purely intellectual undertaking.

"Take the case of a character-comedian, for instance. I remember going to see Dan Leno, when he first appeared in this country. I sat through his performance. I was aged when I left the theatre, and I remember telling a companion that if that was what the English people thought was funny, the whole Island ought to be sunk. It was all over with a people who could think anything like that funny.

"Some years later I was living in London. Early in my stay I passed the Oxford Music Hall, on Dan Leno's opening night after his return from America, and saw in the lobby a collection of photographs of the floral tributes he had received in his triumphal tour of America.



TO me they seemed ghastly—mortuary tributes. A year and a half later I passed the Oxford Music Hall one night. Dan Leno was playing there again and having literally no other place to go, I went in. The comedian came on and to my great amazement I discovered he was one of the funniest men I had ever seen. My sides ached, and tears rolled down my cheeks, and when I had recovered from my astonishment, I tried to find out what had been the matter with me in New York. At length I hit on the reason. I had been living long enough in England to have become familiar, unconsciously familiar, with English ways and habits. Dan Leno was not funny to me in New York, because I did not know familiarly the type of people he was delicately burlesquing. After a year and a half in England, I was so familiar with the type, that I could thoroughly appreciate the whimsical exaggeration. Dan Leno had a real genius for comedy.

"And what was true of Dan Leno and of comedy-acting is true, in a measure, of all acting.

Lear must be recognizably a poor, shelterless, senile, pathetically helpless old man before the horror of his madness can be appreciated. The actor who plays the butler must fulfil the popular conception of what a butler looks like the moment he comes on the stage. A 'flapper' must 'look the part' before she can get a hearing from the audience. The modern audience has a rough idea of how millionaires and scrub women look. The actor must meet the generally accepted rough sketchy outline of the type of character he is supposed to represent.



YOU have only to sit through a classic comedy, or read an old Greek comedy, for instance, to realize this. We know the comedies of Aristophanes were enormously popular, full of horse-play and slap-stick as they are. But the reason they were funny is because the Athenian of their day recognized that they were true to the times. Aristophanes' manner of presenting the truth was funny, and he always held to the truth. Aristophanes was unquestionably the George V. Hobart of his time. You have to be an artist to present comedy successfully, and in order to be an artist you must be something more than exotic.

"It is not possible to get away from what I have called the basis of familiarity. And that is where all the troubles of casting lie. Of course, there is one other great trouble, and something that amounts to almost a great menace to the American stage—the movies' absorption of the 'type' actor. Since the physical appearance is the first qualification for the movies, all the men and women who are absolute types are seized upon by the screen men. And it is increasingly difficult to get them released for the legitimate stage. Makeup, of course, is not everything.

"There is only one thing I know definitely about the theatre, and that is, that the things you know about it are not so. This is not a paradox. The producer, the director, the author, the light man, and the 'props' struggle for the right type, the right reading, the right effects, the right atmosphere, for weeks, maybe for months. Somewhere in the theatre on the first night, a dull and haggard man sits absorbed, murmuring the lines before the actors utter them and grimacing horribly. At times the ushers have been forced to calm nervous ladies in nearby seats with the statement, 'Don't mind him, madam, he's only the author.' Somewhere else a gentleman who, if he were released from the theatre, would be immediately incarcerated in Bellevue, at the request of the nearest newsboy, suffers agonies. No one goes near him. Producing managers have been known to bite. The curtain falls. Authors, actors and managers seek temporary oblivion until they read the morning papers.

DO YOU KNOW—

That the first play selected by the U. S. Government to tour the "Patriotic Circuit" of the sixteen Army cantonments is "Turn to the Right"?

That Margaret Wycherly, the wife of Bayard Veiller, the playwright, used to be a "lightning-change artist" in vaudeville?

That Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, one of the world's most distinguished actors (1776-1849) was hissed the first time he appeared on the stage?

That Maxine Elliott was born in a village in Maine?

That the first salary earned by John Bernard,

the well-known actor-manager, was eight shillings a week and three tallow candles?

That William Collier used to be a call-boy at Daly's Theatre?

That May Irwin used to do a "sister act" at Tony Pastor's?

That John Hazzard, who made a fortune by writing "Turn to the Right" first attracted attention by publishing a poem, "Ain't It Awful, Mabel?"

That Lenore Ulric, the star of David Belasco's production "Tiger Rose," made her first success in the movies?

That Marguerite Clark, one of the most popu-

lar ingénues of the screen, played the soubrette rôle in "Mr. Pickwick," which De Wolf Hopper produced seventeen years ago?

That George M. Cohan's real name is Martin Costigan?

That Wallace Eddinger was one of the first interpreters of the rôle of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"?

That William A. Brady used to manage prize-fights?

That Sidney Drew used to make much less money than his brother John, but now, thanks to the moving pictures, he makes much more?

That Mrs. Fiske used to be a ballet-dancer?



ROSHANARA

A terpsichorean feature of "Sinbad," recently seen as the dance-soloist with Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall



GREGORY KELLY

Mary Dale Clarke

The love-sick Willie Baxter of "Seventeen" as a Temple Servant in "The Son of Isis," a piece in the Portmanteau Company's repertory



LEONORA THOMPSON

One of the graceful dancing maidens in "Chu Chin Chow" at the Century



Scene in "Ruby Red," a one-act satire by Clarence Stratton, which has met with success in many of the Little Theatres throughout the country

OUR OWN HAPPY ENDINGS

Dedicated to the use of the theatre managers anxious to find cheerful terminations to their plays. Copyright not reserved

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



IN a recent article in the THEATRE MAGAZINE we said something about the curse of the "happy ending," that hybrid thing which most American managers seem to think is essential to the success of a play, regardless of logic and motivation.

Now, as a matter of fact, we have always had a secret ambition to rewrite Shakespeare for Broadway, but didn't dare voice that ambition. John Dryden, who once wrote some fairly good poetry, tried his hand at rewriting Shakespeare, but his work "pleased not the million: 'twas caviare to the general." However, we are certain that Mr. Dryden was much, much too scholarly. Judging by his own attempts at play-writing, we feel convinced that there was a preponderance of poetry and very little drama in his work, *à la* our own Percy Mackaye.

But now "the times are out of joint" and all that sort of thing, so we feel that the opportunity is ripe for our own happy endings. In this article we are going to show you how some of Shakespeare's plays might be rewritten for Broadway. If any New York manager likes our improvements we are willing to sign a ten-year contract to rewrite *whole plays* by Shakespeare. Our method would be simple. We should have a prologue, catalogue and epilogue, with maps and diagrams so that *even the manager* would understand exactly what we meant.

We are also going to show you how Ibsen and Pinero might be "Broadwayized" in such a way that no manager would lose money in producing them. In extenuation of our frivolous and impertinent sacrilege, we respectfully call your attention to the fact that Edward Sheldon recently helped "Camille" to longer life and popularity by the judicious use of motion picture methods. *He* had the temerity to rewrite the younger Dumas' play and give it a prologue and epilogue, so *we* are herewith going to have the courage of our convictions and drag forth into the pitiless spotlight of publicity our long-nursed aspiration.



TAKE "Romeo and Juliet," for instance! Why should Shakespeare have given this play such an unhappy ending? You know it wasn't necessary from a box-office point of view. There was no reason why Mercutio should have been killed in the duel with Tybalt. Mercutio was Shakespeare's "Jimsey," the always-faithful friend. He should have been saved for the last act in order that he might discover, in the nick of time, that Juliet was merely asleep and not dead. Then he could have dashed through the tombstones in time to knock the poison from Romeo's hand. Our own happy ending for this play would read as follows:

Mercutio: Good, my lord, Juliet is not dead. She waits for thee behind yon tombstone.

Romeo (joyously): Not dead! Juliet not dead? Then how? Why?

Mercutio: Camouflage, my lord, camouflage! 'Twas done to thwart the Capulet family.

Romeo (impatiently): A plague on both our houses!

Mercutio (devoutly): Amen to that, my lord!

Juliet (from behind the tombstone): Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?

Romeo (ecstatically): Juliet! Juliet! My sweet love!

Mercutio (aside): This is no place for me! Even now—now—right now—sunset plays ping-pong on the distant mountain tops.

Romeo (gripping his hand warmly): My dear friend, how can I ever thank thee?

Mercutio (hastily): Breathe it not in Shakespearean verse. Spare me that! But to-morrow, and thou lovest me, buy me a small perfectio.

Romeo (showing great emotion): I'll buy thee a box.

Juliet (impatiently): Romeo! Romeo! That makes four times I have called to thee.

Mercutio (hastily): Now I *must* beat it, Old Top. So long and good luck!

(Exit Mercutio)

Romeo: Juliet! Sweet Juliet! I come to thee anon!

(He rushes toward her, knocking over a flower pot in his haste. Juliet rises from behind tombstone. Romeo takes her tenderly in his arms and kisses her hectically. He is still kissing her) as,

THE CURTAIN FALLS



WE leave it to any unprejudiced judge if that isn't a big improvement over Shakespeare—from the box-office point of view! But hist, Gentle Reader, we have more of the same sort. Here is a substitute happy ending for "Othello"—one that is particularly timely:

Othello: O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart, and makest me call what I intend to do a murder, which I thought a sacrifice: I saw the handkerchief.

Desdemona (calmly): I can explain all. Meet me at Aniline Thompson's Tittle Café to-morrow afternoon and—

Othello (throwing a steamer rug over her face): Down, strumpet!

Desdemona (in stifled tones): Kill me another day, "Ottie"; let me live to-night!

Othello (furiously): Nothing doing! Thou diest to-night!

(He is trying hard to strangle her when the bed suddenly closes up like a jack-knife. Othello stands perplexed. From the depths of the folding-bed comes a triumphant chuckle from Desdemona. Othello, wild with rage, is about to open the bed when there is a violent pounding on the door.

While Othello stands transfixed, the door bursts open and Emilia enters, holding a handkerchief in one hand and dragging Iago by the hair of the head with the other. There is a look of Amazonian rage on her plain but honest countenance. Iago tries to squirm loose but she kicks his shins and he becomes quiet.)

Emilia: It is a good thing for you, my lord, and for my sweet lady, Desdemona, that Iago talks in his sleep. He has just told me all.

Othello (amazed): All! What meanest thou? Emilia (shaking Iago): I mean, my lord, that this man is a *German spy*!

(Great sensation. All stare. Business of Othello foaming at mouth.)

Othello (dazedly): My God!

Emilia (holding up handkerchief): Do you see this handkerchief?

Othello: Yes, methinks I see it quite plainly.

Emilia: You thought it Desdemona's?

Othello: Isn't it hers?

Emilia (scornfully): Not on your tintype, my lord! This lying German dog who calls himself

Iago, is really Fritz Argenheimer, a member of the Hohenzollern family.

Othello (staring): But the handkerchief! Iago said—

Emilia (impatiently): Tush, my lord! Where does Desdemona have her "hankies" made?

Othello: In Venice, by a most worthy firm.

Desdemona (from the depths of the folding-bed): Antonio Marrazinni & Son.

Othello (starting): The very same!

Emilia (holding out handkerchief triumphantly): Then look at this, my lord!

(Othello looks and starts back aghast.)

Othello (in a hoarse whisper): MADE IN GERMANY (to Emilia): You have saved my wife.

Emilia (shrugging her shoulders): It was nothing, my lord!

Othello (pointing to Iago): Out with the German swine. He shall be fed poisoned beer at daybreak.

(Exit Emilia, dragging the miserable Hun by the hair.)

Othello (opening folding-bed and clasping Desdemona passionately in his arms): Oh, my darling! Can you ever forgive me?

Desdemona (tenderly): Of course, you terrible-tempered Mr. Moor! I love you. Why should I worry! (They kiss furiously.)

CURTAIN



A WONDERFUL inspiration has just come to us for a happy ending to Ibsen's "Ghosts." Why should Oswald have gone crazy anyhow? He was not a German. There was no reason for his insanity. Instead of softening of the brain give him hardening of the arteries. However here is our proposed ending. Without meaning to say anything derogatory to Mr. Ibsen, we *must* admit that *our* version—but we shall let you choose for yourself:

Oswald: Mother, give me the sun.

Mrs. Alving: What do you say?

Oswald (in hopeless voice): The sun! The sun!

Mrs. Alving (rushing frantically to him, newspaper in her hand): Oswald, dear, I haven't The Sun, but here is The World!

Oswald (scanning front page hungrily): Thank God! I was beginning to believe that the newspaper strike would last forever.

CURTAIN

Also, take that last act of "Hedda Gabler." No Broadway playwright could account for Mr. Ibsen's idiosyncrasy in slaying poor Hedda. True she didn't have much to live for—according to her lights—but to shoot herself! Ugh! Just before the fatal shot rang out, Tesman, Mr. Elfted and Judge Brack were talking together just as friendly as you please. Our own happy ending for this play would read as follows:

Tesman (shrieks): Shot herself!

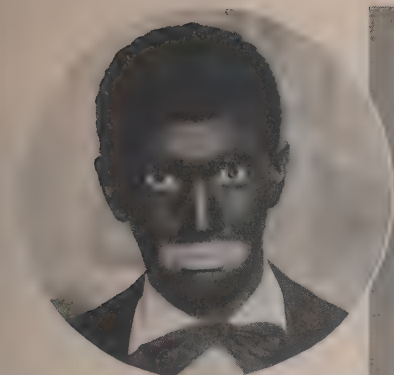
Brack (rushing into inner room and emerging with a smile): False alarm!

Tesman: You mean—

Brack: It wasn't a shot you heard, Tesman! An electric light bulb exploded—that's all.

Tesman (apologetically): Hedda is *so* impulsive! Besides, she once threatened to kill herself.

Brack (lightly): People don't *do* such thing Tesman. Broadway managers won't let 'em.



Photos Burke and Atwell



Lewis-Smith

AL JOLSON

Star of "Sinbad," the new extravaganza

Showing the evolution of a Jolson laugh



Some of the beauties who have helped make the Winter Garden famous

LIGHT SHADES AND DARK AT THE WINTER GARDEN

THOSE STAGE SETTINGS

Bad acting nowadays is often camouflaged by startling scenery. Is the electrician the next in line?

By MILDRED CRAM



TEN years ago there was nothing new under the theatrical sun. Euripides did not find it as hard to invent a dramatic situation—a new one—as Augustus Thomas did in the days of "Shenandoah." Nero had done all that could be done in the way of spectacles. The Sporzas of Milan were lavish producers of "little comedies." And Shakespeare took all the plots the Greeks left; Clyde Fitch was only writing variations on the dear old themes.

Acting had disappeared. American actors and actresses had become "restrained" simply because they no longer knew how to be expressive. They mumbled and apostrophized the backdrop, permitting themselves no gestures, no fluency, no exaggeration. And their acting was as inspiring as the music of pianists who know nothing about color. If an actor or an actress displayed no emotion whatever they were suspected of concealing overwhelming emotion, like those magicians who hide rabbits in the crown of a silk hat. And the hopeful public thronged the theatres, expecting to see the notorious emotion produced. For not even bad acting can keep the public away from the theatre.

In those days the dramatic Muse was so swaddled in draperies that she tripped over them. Managers and producers concealed the dearth of acting under an avalanche of scenery, so that even Shakespeare became wholly pageantry. Irving's "Merchant of Venice" gondolas floated on real Thames-water canals; Tree's "Henry VIII" was as over-laden with trappings as a Drury Lane pantomime.



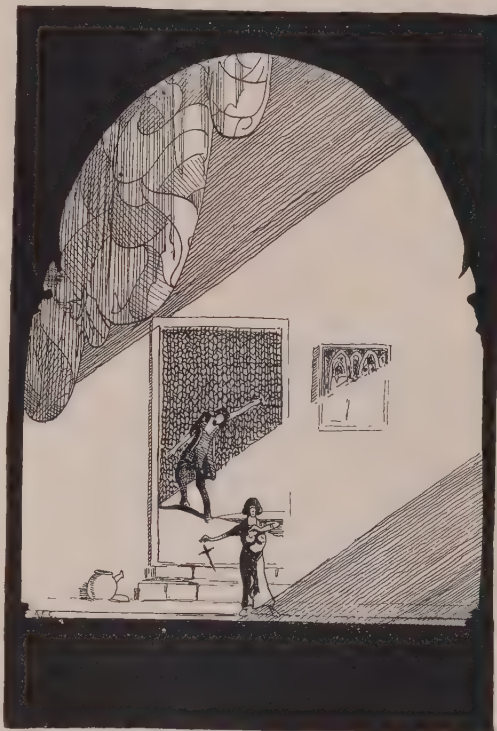
AND David Belasco became known as a wizard because he spattered "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" with a noisily realistic rain-shower and because he ruined Blanche Bates' finest moment in "The Girl of the Golden West" by concentrating attention on a banging door and a snow squall. People flocked to the theatre to see genuine mahogany, ticking clocks, live parrots and redwood forests—but not acting and not plays. The essence of the theatre disappeared under a superabundance of froth, like the ice cream in an ice cream soda.

Nothing but a miracle could have cured the public of its passion for artificial realism. The miracle happened. The movies appeared on the theatrical horizon and the stage was saved from strangulation. The movies were atmospheric; they made possible the visualization of literature; they were neither pantomime or pageantry but something of both, and more. Where the stage had been limited by the necessity of sequence in story-telling, the movies were hampered by no such law—movie dramas moved forward or backward; they began in the middle and attained the beginning or the end with the wilful eccentricity of a Conrad novel. Where the stage had relied upon the interior of Minnie's cabin for the setting of the "Girl of the Golden West's" climax, the screen went beyond the cabin into the snowstorm; it followed the sheriff's posse in its pursuit of Johnson; it tagged at the Mexican dupe's heels to the brink of a precipice and over; we saw Rance pounding at the cabin door and Minnie inside, sparring for time....

The screen required a new school of acting. It took the whole world and the whole sky for

its stage. There was no limit to the height or the width of its proscenium arch. Decidedly, something new under the theatrical sun....

In Italy, a great playwright and poet—he who has flown above Trieste in an Italian war plane—realized the screen's potential dramatic possibilities and wrote the first original screen play to attract the attention of the reluctant critics. There will be greater plays than D'Annunzio's "Cabiria" before we are through with the movies. Yet—how many bad Greek plays were there before Euripides; how many bad Italian plays were there before Goldoni; how many bad French plays were there before Molière; how many bad English plays were there before Shakespeare? D'Annunzio was writing in a new theatrical language. "Cabiria" required thousands of players; a vast concourse of people was driven by terror or



Drawing by A. G. Cram

A typical stage setting of the decorative school

prowess, desire or hate into action that was as impersonal and as inevitable, to the audience, as if that audience were an assemblage of Martians watching the petty furies of the world. A series of pictures piled up a succession of impressions—doorways, streets, palace steps, walls, mountains, ships, the sea, armies. You saw Troy and Carthage and ancient Sicily. You saw, for a brief second, Hannibal crossing the Alps. And for that brief second of movie magic, men, horses and elephants were taken up into the mountains and photographed as they ploughed their way through the unbroken, glittering snows toward Italy.

After this, what could the wizard Belasco do but put his snowstorms and rain squalls into storage? No one would pay two dollars to see a papier-mâché redwood tree who could see a whole forest of real ones for ten cents. No one wanted to watch William Brady's stage mobs

when Griffith, in "The Birth of a Nation," used an entire army as supers. The miracle had happened. Producers turned to artists for their stage settings and dispensed with the services of the stage carpenter. Real fountains, calcium moonlights and electric sunsets disappeared. The stage again catered to the imagination; the grotesque and the fanciful appeared. It was discovered that an illusion would serve if that illusion were created with a sheet, some safety pins and a little art. The setting was no longer calculated to disguise a bad play or to smother a good one; the producer supplemented the wit and tragedy of spoken words with the wit and tragedy of line and color. And there was a managerial Paradise until the scenic economists realized their value and boosted the price of art.

Suggestive simplicity became the rage. We had Rhinehardt and "Sumurun," Craig and "Oedipus Rex" as Fiesole, Bakst and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," the scarlet "Scheherezade" and the exotic "Princesse Enchantée." Jones delighted us with the witty setting for "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" and then astounded us with the ferocious eccentricity of the Greek Tragedies. Lee Simonson followed with the "Magical City," Urban created expensive simplicity for the comic opera stage. And now we may expect further miracles of the Greenwich Village Theatre and of the Vieux Colombier....

The stage was deprived of the tinsel and stardust that was part of its traditional charm. The odor of the circus vanished from the theatre and the public was disturbed because it was expected to take playgoing seriously. It felt that it was in the presence, not of pleasure, but of art, and resented being confronted by a purposeful enigma.



BARKER'S gilt fairies and swaying tree-trunks called forth a howl of derision. The public grew restive because it was asked to take its chorus girls together with this mysterious, this provoking, this clever new scenic art. Was it good? Was it bad? Or was it merely ridiculous? Were the producers merely poking fun at us?

And suddenly the scenic geniuses grew self-conscious. Their simplicity became a cult. Their stage-settings were so subtle, so startling, so arresting that they defeated their own purpose and became as cumbersome and cluttering as Belasco's artificial realities. The modern *décor* has been of such a magnificent and purposeful simplicity that good acting has had no chance at all. What actor or actress could compete with the setting of "Nju," for instance? The stage broke away from such homely familiarities as carpets and ticking clocks, and in striving to escape from imitation reality, projected tangible stories against intangible and wholly imaginary backgrounds. And we go to the theatre to-day for the sake of the scenery just as we did ten years ago—

But there is still a ray of hope in the theatrical heaven. The stage carpenter and the property man have disappeared from the theatre; the scenic artist may be the next to go. In a year or two Jones and Urban and Simonson are going to be beggars at the stage door. Their doom is already sealed. The electrician is the next "wizard" in line.



Sarony

EVA LE GALLIENNE

This lovely daughter of England's noted poet plays the wife of the sporting Duke of Burchester in "The Off Chance" at the Empire



Campbell

ROSA LYND

An actress new to New York, but a favorite in London, who plays the American girl married to a Prussian officer in "Her Country"



Fairchild

MARY BOLAND

Always pleasing to look upon, this popular actress is particularly so as the attractive young nurse in "Sick-a-Bed" at the Gaiety



Sarony

FLORENCE SHIRLEY

"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" is greatly enlivened by the acting of Miss Shirley as a Sing Sing specialist



© Strauss-Peyton

PAULINE LORD

A featured player in Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy "Under Pressure" at the Norworth Theatre

PLAYWRITING SANS HARVARD

The creator of Broadway successes believes practice, not theory, makes the dramatist. Being an interview with

HARRY JAMES SMITH
AUTHOR OF "THE TAILOR-MADE MAN," ETC.



THERE has been considerable discussion by the press, and men and women who hold themselves as critics of the theatre, as to whether the various schools throughout the country which are devoting their efforts to

teaching the art of playwriting, would be able to bring to the theatre a school of dramatists which would be of benefit to the American stage. Those who favored the teaching of the theory of the drama as the true method of success, have quoted the fact that Edward Sheldon graduated from the famous Harvard workshop 47—and they mention Ballard and Kincaid as further evidence. The



HARRY J. SMITH

others, the man and woman who feel that the art of the dramatist is an inborn attribute which can be perfected only by work, go back to the days of the Bard of Avon, and come forward to the dozen or more men who, in 1918, are giving us worth-while plays.

IT seemed only fitting that one of the present-day dramatists should be the person to answer whether success in playwriting could be more easily arrived at through hard practical work—only learning through class instruction the theory of what constitutes a perfect drama—perfection being judged from the viewpoint of the box-office, the public favor, acting qualities, as well as literary value.

Harry James Smith, who has had three pronounced successes and one failure, has decided views on the subject. He said recently:

"I'm going to start discussing the relative values of theory and practice in playwriting by telling of a young woman who had decided that she was anxious to become a playwright, and asked the author of a score of successful dramas if there was a royal road to success in the profession she wished to adopt for her own.

"The successful author looked at her kindly for a minute. 'There is one royal road to success, no matter whether you wish to lay bricks or be a playwright—work,' he said, and then, seeing her confusion, he asked her how much she knew about playwriting.

"'Oh—I've studied it at college. It was part of our English course. We read dramas ancient and modern, and studied the theory of construction, how to bring about a climax, the value of humor—really I do know something about theory—I've even tried writing some short sketches.'"

"The man nodded.

"'Well—if you feel you understand theory and need practice to clinch for you all you learned

at college, start with a three-fold campaign; read plays, witness plays, and write plays. Try writing some short scenes. Study plays you read and see acted for the method the author takes of directing his characters and try to improve those methods, adding any original ideas that present themselves to you. Make friends with people in the theatrical profession, study the world behind the scenes, and all the while watch life—watch people, look for the drama and comedy in life. Then, when you get an idea for a long play, work it out. After you have the play completed, I'd be glad to read it, if you would be good enough to show me the manuscript.'"

OH, thank you so much.' She clapped her hands at the idea of having one so famous ask to read her work, and they parted the best of friends and both perfectly happy. The young woman was pleased, for she had a fluttering incident to tell her friends—the man because he knew that unless she was a girl of true ambition and worthy of encouragement, he would never be bothered further.

"I think that incident is worthy of quotation, for it explains in a very few words the enormous amount of work needed to be done if the student is to develop the theory of playwriting as expounded in various schools throughout the country.

"The average person with literary ambition, is by nature entranced by the theatre, and in some moment of leisure drafts a play which, when completed, will bring fame—and plenty of money. This fact is especially true of the American people, for we are as a nation an emotional people, and quick to visualize the dramatic situations about us.

"That does not mean, however, that we are a nation of playwrights—far from it, for while we have given some remarkable plays to the stage and to literature, and our school of playwrights have created some unusual characters, we are only entering into the phase of our existence that will mean the writing of great plays.

"Every young playwright cherishes the idea that he may be the author of the elusive 'great American drama.' He works, and too frequently becomes discouraged when he finds that he does not comprehend the craft of the drama. 'How can I learn my craft?' is his cry.

BY going to school? Is that the answer? Well, hardly. Here in America education is open to everyone—but education cannot place into the brain of a person something that is not there. One can't become a novelist unless one has a burning, painful desire to write stories. And even then, all the study in the world will not make it possible for a would-be author to turn out a truly good piece of work. I've always felt that it was an understanding that came from within that made a great writer, no matter whether the visible sign is in the form of a novel, a play, or a poem.

"No one could have been born farther away from the stage and things theatrical than I was. My early youth, my whole environment,

up to the time of young manhood, was apart from the stage, yet something inevitable drew me to it—compelled me to discard stories and novels and verse,—after I had become known to magazine editors, held the position of assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and published two novels—and write plays, and plays only.

"There is only one way to write. When it becomes impossible not to write—then begin to put your subject on paper.

"The question that fills the young author who desires to write plays and has made some unsuccessful attempts, possibly because he didn't know things theatrical, is 'Shall I go to school and learn about the drama?'"

"I think such study is unwise. I know that the famous 47A of Harvard is credited with having done great things, yet I cannot believe that any school ever took a man who had nothing but a desire to write plays and made a playwright out of him. It is rather soon to judge the workings of the school, but the only shining example of English 47A is Edward Sheldon. Cleves Kincaid has given us 'Common Clay,' Florence Lincoln did a very pretty piece of work in 'Barbara,' but it did not have any acting qualities and only stayed on Broadway a few days. Ballard is a man to be reckoned with, but he knew both life and the theatre, practically, before taking his Harvard courses.

GRANTED that it would be possible for a person wishing to become a playwright to go to school and learn how to write a play—that is, the mechanical effects necessary to put a play on paper so that it will be read by a manager. What happens next? How about playwriting after Harvard? Where will an author go for the rest of his inspirational work? From what source will he draw his ideas, his novelties which will make his work stand out from the other dozens of plays that arrive at the manager's in the same mail as his own?

"No, I can't believe that there is any royal road to success, save work—and hard work. I cannot believe that Mr. Sheldon went to Harvard without a great theatrical gift, and I believe that he would have been a splendidly successful playwright without his work at the theatre workshop. He had a sense of the dramatic, he must have known the unusual elements that enter into the lives of men and women, just as well as he knew the simple little incidents that make such good material for playwrights.

"I cannot say how many students have attended the various schools for playwrights in this country, but I know that the percentage of those who are successful is very small, and this in the face of the fact that the students are only picked after the professors find that they have some latent ability.

"Can it be said that the study of the drama in a schoolroom stunts the growth of the playwright? Does it shrivel the imagination? It seems possible, for it can easily be imagined how an acute imagination would be so overburdened with technique that it will in time be afraid to indulge in flights of fancy, and in still more time become dormant, probably never to waken again.



White

Saxon Kling

Robert Strange

Arthur Hohl

Act II. A dressing-room at the theatre with the players "making up"

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS IN MILES MALLESON'S PLAY "YOUTH" AT THE COMEDY



WILLIAM HODGE AND CLARA MOORES IN "A CURE FOR CURABLES" AT THE 39TH STREET THEATRE



DOROTHY DICKSON AND BARRETT GREENWOOD IN "GIRL O' MINE" AT THE BIJOU

P L A Y S O N V A R I O U S S T A G E S

GALLI-CURCI—THE WOMAN

"My voice is for the world. I cannot hold it back!" cries the prima donna whose phenomenal success is the sensation of the musical world

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON



THAT new planet known as Galli-Curci, which has taken its place with such dazzling brilliancy in the music world, is a woman. The miracle of her meteoric ascendancy, the ravishing beauty of her voice, the utter silence concerning her personal history,—all have lent an air of mystery to her name,—she is rather a figure, a symbol—a great outburst of song. Nevertheless I repeat—Amelita Galli-Curci is a woman, and very much of a woman.

If you ever want to learn the true inwardness of a person, follow my recommendation, and go live out in the great loneliness of the mountains with him. The taints will show quickly, and the beauties will display themselves, without a question.

So, having spent a goodly time up in the Catskill Mountains at Fleischmanns with the diva, I had that opportunity really to know her, as no city acquaintanceship ever could bring forth.

My wife and I were spending our vacation upon the side of a great mountain slope; down at the foot, the Curcis had their cottage. It is a considerable climb to reach our place, but right above the clearing ends and a foot-path winds into the wooded depth where sunshine rarely penetrates, and curious forest vegetation delights the eye. It was here that Mme. Galli-Curci loved best to go.

For her, the moss was an eternal miracle—she would touch the soft carpet of green and marvel. There was one little stem that stuck out of a rock. It was a slender stem, with a big leaf on the end, and it was always waving, like a large flag in a baby's hand. "It is calling us welcome," said Madame with a smile, and every time we passed it she would wave to it, in return. At the waterfalls she would lean down and cup the icy water in her hands; and as she arose, her face drenched and laughing, she would strike out a high note that echoed down the mountain-side, and made envious the birds of the forest.

That tree, Madame: "Bella, bella"; that rock, "Oh, marvelous!"

Such chats as we had! The singer, all unconscious of an audience,—simply herself, delightfully naive and girlish; preferring the simplest of joys to a surfeited, satiated, sophis-

ticated success. "I would rather remain unknown than give up my right to be myself. I sing because it is my greatest love; not because



Amelita Galli-Curci in the Catskills

it is my means to possession. When I sing before an audience, I give my voice—I give my soul—I give my whole past life. I throw it away, I am prodigal of it, I will not be sparing of it—it is for the world, and I cannot hold it back."

Amelita Galli is a native of Milan. Her people were never in favor of her adopting a stage career. They were well-to-do, she always had everything she wanted. "They warned me," said Madame, "of the temptations, ooh, brr—of h-hell."

"But one day, I packed my book of 'Rigoletto' under my arm, and went to Rome. I sang for the manager—he gave me a contract; I signed. It was not for much. When I arrived home, my folks were furious. But, I showed my contract. I had signed—there was nothing to do, I must keep my word. So it began."

Her success hasn't affected her at all. And as we continue to walk and jump over fallen trees, and discuss music and musicians, and tell the most ridiculous of stories, she is for all the world nothing but herself.

But we didn't always stay in the woods. Sometimes we watch Mr. Curci painting my wife. A word about the husband. A short man, with a heavy beard, a supreme artist of the brush, an ideal companion to his great wife, and a cosmopolitan of the first rank. It is difficult for him to talk English, although Mme. Galli-Curci knows English admirably. Indeed she converses readily in French, Spanish and German as well.

We explored all the country nearby in motor cars. What did the natives think, as they saw us rushing by, singing and laughing and shouting at the tops of our voices? Every person we passed came in for some salutation or other. Madame or her husband had an endless variety of calls.

I remember particularly a visit we made to a little creamery up in Stamford, New York. Madame peered interestedly into the big vats, studied closely the explanation of the thoroughly embarrassed superintendent, scrawled her name in big letters across the white-washed walls, drank out of a great big ladle first, of rich, syrupy cream; and then of sour cream ready for pot-cheese. She munched cheese—and then carried off with her a big bag of it, some hundred and fifty miles to get back to the house.

Then the singer would recite some poems in Italian or Spanish, and translate them as she went along. How she would linger over a phrase, that particularly won her! I remember her face lighting up with inspired joy when she translated this line: "The cows in the green silence." The "green" silence was to her mind so expressive. She said it, repeated it, thought of it, and said it again.

It was in this very spirit that Madame spent hours reading over music. She is a pianist of



Trying a top note



LUIGI CURCI
The prima donna's husband



Taking a spin with some friends



From a portrait, copyright, Matsene

MME. AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

skill, and I have never seen her make a mistake in reading the most difficult manuscript. Playing her own accompaniments, she would sing in a subdued voice, taking the most intense pleasure in every note. Amelita Galli-Curci has won her high position because, as she says, "I sing because it is my greatest love. I give my all."

There is a stack of music in the Curci cottage. I would run through the sheets and pick out one with "Try this; it is of real beauty." After one verse she would say, "You are right. I will sing this. Let me put it aside."

Galli-Curci is intensely appreciative of the creative artist. Her eyes glisten with genuine tears when she sings.

She had an especial fondness for the exotic melodies of Spain and the Orient, and as her phonograph records prove, she has an intense liking for Grieg. One evening, the five of us sat around the porch listening to her vivid memories and anecdotes, and examining the autograph albums she has been treasuring since her school days. She read us the poems scribbled in her scrap book, when she signed her name with a scrawling Amelita Galli. She pulled out dusty and yellow rough sketches presented to her by local celebrities of Milan. She had recalled the little home they occupied in Rome; that is to say the two rooms that sufficed her husband and herself in the early days of her career. The intellectuals of Rome made the place their regular

rendezvous, she said, and oftentimes she had to make apologies that there weren't enough chairs to go 'round. But everyone seemed to be happy, and the young singer-housekeeper served tea—and still more tea.

Oftentimes Mme. Galli-Curci would give us a long concert of her own phonograph records, and she seemed to be always the most intent listener. She said, "My phonograph records have been for me, at times, my best and most severe critics. I have learned much from them, too." It was interesting to watch how the Curcis had stored up a veritable library of records of the great contemporary singers, and I noted that every rendition by other singers, of compositions that Mme. Galli-Curci herself sang, was among those oftenest played.

One night about ten o'clock my wife and I were sitting on our veranda. Silence everywhere and pitch blackness all about us. We could not even distinguish the distant peaks. The light from the inside rooms scarcely penetrated five feet out to the road. It was such a night as I love, mysterious, weird, and reminiscent of the great nothingness that existed before our worldly era.

Suddenly, we heard a faint sound, as of approaching footsteps, mingled with the crackling of bushes pushed aside. Then came a dim searchlight—and then, to our amazement and delight, appeared our friends from the mountain's base. They had taken that difficult as-

cent because they wanted to talk with us. And how we talked! When we examined our watches it was past midnight. Not to be outdone, we escorted our visitors to their door, and they, not to be outdone, escorted us half-way back! These are things that explain more than volumes of facts and history about Amelita Galli-Curci.

So, too, these little incidents. There was announced a grand and gala village dance. The orchestra was simply frightful—once in a while they did strike a chord in genuine harmony. The couples on the floor seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, however. Do you suppose that Mme. Galli-Curci would remain a mere wall-flower? No, indeed! How the solemn and dignified subscribers to the Opera would have gasped to see her giving her particular version of the Fox-Trot, the Tango, and some other steps that I do not think have yet been named in the category of modern dances.

You should have seen how the lady, who handles with such delicacy the high notes in the *Bell Song* of "Lakme" knocks down the tenpins! She learned to be quite an expert bowler, and cricketer, and she always won. But I wonder what she would have said if she had known how we kept the scores!

There is much more that I will tell of Madame some day—all of which goes to prove, as I have said before, that Galli-Curci is not merely a personified voice, but very much of a woman.

READY-MADE REMINISCENCES

*Respectfully submitted as a model for any
player seeking "an apology" for his existence*

By HAROLD SETON



I DID not go on the stage of my own volition. I was destined for the theatre from the moment of my birth. My family had been associated with the drama for many generations. In my veins flows the blood of the Kembles, and of Sarah Siddons, and of David Garrick. William Winter, the celebrated dramatic critic, once jokingly remarked that my first plaything must have been a stick of grease-paint and my first articulate word must have been "Shakespeare"! Be that as it may, when I was ushered into the world my father was playing Hamlet, to the King of my grandfather, the Queen of my grandmother, the Horatio of my uncle Herbert, and the Ophelia of my aunt Constance, who had replaced my sainted mother during that well-loved player's temporary absence from the cast.

It was in Boston that I first saw the light of day. But it was in St. Louis, twelve years later, that I first trod the boards. I played one of the two little Princes who were murdered in the Tower. My sister Gladys played the other. This was in my father's company. We appeared in all the principal cities of the United States, from Maine to California. Traveling in those days was full of hardships, and the theatres contained few conveniences. In the larger towns the footlights were gas-jets, but in the smaller ones they were oil-lamps.

While on our way from Philadelphia to Trenton, our train was wrecked, and six persons were killed, including two members of our company. However, we opened in Trenton on time, a tailor and an undertaker substituting at short notice. The individuals in question read their parts from manuscript. Or rather, they at-

tempted to do so. But the audience shrieked with delight and derision whenever the suit-maker and the embalming expert started to declaim. The play was "Measure For Measure."

On another occasion, when we were appearing in New Orleans, the theatre caught fire and our scenery and properties were destroyed. Nevertheless, we proceeded to Louisville, Kentucky, in the clothes we had on, all that we now possessed, the remains of "The Merchant of Venice." Our arrival at the railway-station and our progress through the city streets created a great sensation and attracted a huge audience. Throughout the week we played to a record-breaking business and were soon able to replenish our wardrobes.

When I was eighteen I obtained my first engagement in a company other than my father's. He and I were both high-strung and temperamental which is not surprising, in view of our emotional ancestry. We had frequent misunderstandings, but, after a disagreement more serious than usual, I departed from Detroit, where we had been appearing, and proceeded to Chicago, where Modjeska was playing. The great Polish actress was then at the height of her fame.

I wrote many letters to Modjeska, but received no word in reply. At last I resorted to strategy. Under a long ulster I wore the costume of Macbeth. When the performance was about to begin, I walked through the stage door, pretending to be a member of the company. I waited in the wings until the cue was given for Macbeth to appear, when I flung off my overcoat and strode onto the stage. I knew the lines of the part. The members of the company were

astonished, of course, and none more so than the star herself. But we proceeded with the play.

When the curtain had fallen at the end of the act, Modjeska turned to me in bewilderment. "What does this mean?" she demanded. "It means that I have proved to you that I can act!" I replied. "Well, you will have to continue in the part for the rest of the performance!" said Modjeska. "We cannot have one Macbeth for the first act and another Macbeth for the second!" But the actor whose rôle I had assumed was not so philosophical. He walked out of the theatre in a fury, and I was straightway engaged in his stead. I stayed with Modjeska for two years.

Then I went with Augustin Daly. My meeting with the celebrated manager was under extraordinary circumstances. Modjeska's season had closed, and I was in New York, looking for employment. I boarded a Broadway horse-car, which was crowded to capacity. The passengers were wedged close together. Suddenly, to my amazement and indignation, a man caught hold of me, and declared I had stolen his watch. The man was Augustin Daly! I protested my innocence, but all in vain. At that point, a woman caught hold of a man and accused him of stealing her purse. The man, struggled to escape, but was finally overpowered. On him were found the woman's purse and Mr. Daly's watch. "What can I do to express my regret?" exclaimed Mr. Daly. "You can engage me for your stock company!" I replied. And, sure enough, he engaged me, and for three years I acted with Ada Rehan, John Drew and Mrs. Gilbert.



Chorus girls learning to do their bit and to replace the sterner sex in case of emergency. Members of "The Cohan Revue of 1918" forsake their dainty furbelows for the overalls of motor trucking



(Left)

CHRYSTAL HERNE

One of the many indefatigable members of the Stage Woman's War Relief



BIJOU FERNANDEZ

Popular actress and head of the well-known dramatic agency who has been appointed on the Board of Trustees of the Actors' Fund, another instance of the fair sex coming into their own

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STAGE WOMAN'S WAR RELIEF

*Never on any stage were better parts
Than those ye play in Mercy's tragedy,
Stretching your healing fingers over-
sea,
Sending your blood, for bleeding
soldiers' hearts.
Ye all are stars in His great art of
arts,
Untiring, giving,—notices will be
Writ in His book for all eternity
How player-women parried Death's
own darts.
And shall we men be laggards, shall
we count
The cost, and haggle, let our dollars
shirk,
And skulk behind our pleasures while
one sod
Is red with those whose all was their
amount?
We too are in the trenches for this
work
And shall we fail?—Never, Almighty
God.*

J. H. GREENE,
Tailor-Made Man Company.



MAUDE ADAMS

A very early and unusual picture of America's greatest stage favorite

NEW YORK'S HISTORIC THEATRES

No. 2. Booth's Theatre

By CHARLES BURNHAM



ON April 8, 1868, at the southeast corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, a small but noted assemblage of men gathered to witness the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of Edwin Booth's Theatre. It had long been Booth's ambition to erect a theatre which should bear his name and embody his ideas of theatre construction, and to be dedicated to his art. As he expressed it, "I had no desire for gain, my only hope was to establish the pure, legitimate drama in New York, and by my example to incite others, actors and managers, to continue the good work."

When the theatre was opened, on the evening of February 3, 1869, it was found that nothing had been neglected, nothing imperfectly done. From the front of the house to the back of the stage it was the last word in theatre construction. From the exterior, the building, which was of granite, appeared massive and imposing. The interior was architecturally faultless, beautifully decorated and perfectly arranged. The lobbies were spacious and roomy. The galleryites had been given upholstered chairs in place of the wooden benches that had always been part of the equipment of theatres up to that time. The actors found dressing-rooms completely furnished in every respect and above the stage level, another absolute innovation in theatres. The orchestra pit was arranged so that the musicians did not obstruct the audience's view.

Mechanical devices were installed upon the stage at the cost of thousands of dollars, many of which were found to be impossible of operation. One of the practical arrangements installed was the method of raising and lowering whole scenes—a scheme afterwards developed by Steele Mackaye into the disappearing stage. The building had two entrances, one on Twenty-third Street, the other on Sixth Avenue. The house was arranged to seat seventeen hundred and fifty people with standing room for three hundred more. In short, Mr. Booth had erected a splendid dramatic temple but at a cost so excessive that no practical revenue could meet expenses.



THE play selected for the opening performance was "Romeo and Juliet," with Booth as Romeo and Mary McVicker as Juliet. Some four months later, Miss McVicker became Mrs. Edwin Booth. This opening night was perhaps the most memorable of any that had taken place in the city. The house was crowded to capacity while the neighboring thoroughfares were blocked with people who stood in the streets on one of the worst nights of the Winter to watch the gathering audience. William Winter, in writing of the occasion, said, "Glancing over the varied and animated throng, you saw many a face that study had paled and thought exalted. Grave judges were there, and workers in the field of literature, and patient, toiling votaries of science, and artists from their land of dreams. The eyes of beauty, too, shone there with an unwonted lustre, bespeaking at its heart the in-

fluence of unwonted emotion. It was an audience that would have honored any occasion in the world."

Booth continued the direction of his theatre for some four years, during which period he made many illustrious productions,—from the point of scenic investiture,—as noted as any seen upon the stage. His presentation of "Julius Caesar," in 1871, deemed the crowning achievement of his career, was considered by friends and foes alike the most imposing spectacle of the modern stage. It was in this performance that Lawrence Barrett attained his greatest fame as an actor in the part of Cassius.

Mr. Booth's temperament did not fit him for



The old Booth's Theatre, 23rd Street and 6th Avenue

the details of business, and after a few years the burden of his theatre became such that he was forced to seek relief in bankruptcy. A portion of the press, which had not been altogether friendly to Mr. Booth, seized upon his failure as a means of further criticizing what they claimed were his shortcomings. The *New York Observer*, a religious publication of the day, said, "The failure of Edwin Booth is a witness to the truth we have so often proclaimed, that the drama in its best estate will not be supported by the public. As supported, it is low, demoralizing, and, to all pure minds, disgusting. Even as Booth would have it and enjoy it, it is Utopian and millennial."



TO this, one of the leading literary journals replied, "This is too much! There ought to be a law to suppress ignorant cant. The *Observer* is talking about something of which it absolutely knows nothing. Mr. Booth's failure arose quite as much from the fact that he did not give us the 'drama in its best estate,' as from anything else. He produced a number of Shakespearean plays with a very lavish expenditure upon scenery and dresses, but with actors of recognized inferiority. The expenses of a costly location of a building constructed on liberal but not on economical principles were balanced,

most unwisely, by economy in salaries—that is, by economy just where it would prove disastrous. He never had a company at his theatre that was not essentially provincial, never one that was not the poorest and weakest in the city. Booth, as an actor, can make his fortune; as a manager he has failed because he is not a good manager—neither economically nor artistically."

What his brother professionals thought was expressed by Joseph Jefferson while playing at Booth's in 1870. "Booth's Theatre," said Jefferson, "is conducted as a theatre should be—like a church behind the curtain and like a counting-house in front of it."

In 1874, the house passed from Mr. Booth's control, and during the remaining years of its existence its fortunes were directed at various times by Junius Brutus Booth, Dion Boucicault, Jarrett and Palmer, Augustin Daly, John Stetson and Henry E. Abbey. These managers, during their several terms, presented some of the most renowned productions seen upon the stage, enlisting the services of the leading stars both foreign and native. Adelaide Neilson, Juliet's most beautiful exponent, made her first appearance here. Charlotte Cushman took the most memorable farewell upon the stage of Booth's that this country had ever seen. Tragedy in real life also played its part, when George L. Fox, the famous pantomimist, was removed from the boards while appearing as Humpty Dumpty, to be incarcerated in an insane asylum.

Notwithstanding every effort made by the many managers, directed from every different angle, success refused to crown for long the various attempts

made to attract the public and finally in 1883, the theatre closed its doors and was soon after demolished.



THE bill for the closing performance was the same play as had been selected for the original opening of the house, "Romeo and Juliet," with Modjeska as Juliet, and Maurice Barrymore as Romeo.

After the conclusion of the tragedy, Modjeska made a brief speech, which terminated with: "I say to Booth's Theatre, farewell!" These were the last words spoken on that stage.

The theatre was sold at auction in February, 1883. The deed conveying the theatre and the land on which it stood to James D. Fisk and Ferdinand Ward for \$507,500 was signed by Oliver Ames and Oakes A. Ames, April 30th. The removal of the scenery and properties began May 1, 1883. The building was shortly after altered into a large dry-goods establishment.

Many of the furnishings of the house were afterwards used in the rebuilding of Harrigan's Park Theatre, later the Herald Square, at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. The site of Booth's Theatre is at present a business block; in the front of the building may be seen a stone commemorating the fact that it had once been occupied by Booth's Theatre.

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON



It has been a case of tenses at the Metropolitan Opera House, with opera of the past, the present and the future, sating the musician. There have been revivals galore; the Saint-Saëns-Puccini-Bizet-Mascagni-Verdi regiments continue to hold the boards; and futuristic conglomerations make staid conservatives shake their antiquated heads in prudish protest. Altogether the *carte de jour* is a very changeable affair—one is reminded of the Coney Island Barker who assures you that there is something to please one and all, old and young—if you don't like this, you are bound to like that—so there you are!

One Giacomo Meyerbeer has been particularly favored in all opera houses,—“Dinorah” graced the Galli-Curci, but more especially by “The Prophet” at the Metropolitan, which, I am cautioned not to tell, may be the opening piece of Gatti-Casazza’s Boston season. Thus it comes to pass that Jacob Meyer, who felt that Giacomo would be a more effective title and added “Beer” in honor of a wealthy patron, is brought back to life. The all too human vanity of the composer, which made him eavesdrop on stage carpenters’ conversations, to know just what people thought of him; the affectations of his Beau Brummel of musicians now all come back to humanize the operatic revivals of Richard Wagner’s “Little Jew banker who took it to his head to write music,” but who, earlier in life, as Wagner does *not* say, gave the future composer of “Parsifal” his first start in opera! Meine’s aphoristic question—“Who will take care of Meyerbeer’s glory after he is dead?” is answered and at a time when all German opera is very much despised, and it seems to be overlooked that Meyerbeer was born in Germany in the city of Berlin!



SUCH pomp and glory as mark the new “Prophet”! Caruso, in his first essay of the rôle, John of Leyden, plays the part with the dignity of a monarch, and in the coronation scene, historical descriptions of royalty seem warfed. Over four hundred singers fill the spacious stage. The settings of Joseph Urban are sumptuous in their coloring and bigness. The spectacle is the finest ever seen in any theatre, far more impressive than any genuine representation might have been. A whole palace is concentrated into the span of your eyes—a great ceremony is enacted in your presence. By far the most stupendous and most perfect production of the whole musical year is “The Prophet.” The best all-around singing cast, the finest choruses, the best orchestral playing, the most brilliant ensembles. When Matzenauer sang “Ah, mon fils” then were traditions made! A strong, manly man near me broke down and sobbed loud, and was unashamed to voice his emotion before that solemn mother’s cry. Artur Bodanzky was in the conductor’s box—at times I swear he appeared to have gone completely mad. But the orchestra understood—a master of conductors is with us again. Bodanzky told me that for months he had worked over the score, trying to bring it back to its original state, as conceived by Meyerbeer. “The composer, right or wrong, but the composer,” is Bodanzky’s idea, and hence he had to remove the changes of fifty years. Of such spectacles, such perfect musical ensembles as this, give us more, Mr. Gatti.

From the bigness of “The Prophet” to that other revival of “The Barber of Seville,” in its classic simplicity, is a wide jump. But I ask you, has there been written, ever, a more delightful, heart-warming, optimistic score than this of Rossini’s? Good, kind Figaro, singing his “Largo,” which in modern manner has been paraphrased by the cartoonist’s “Nothing to do until tomorrow,” races about from shaving to sweeping,

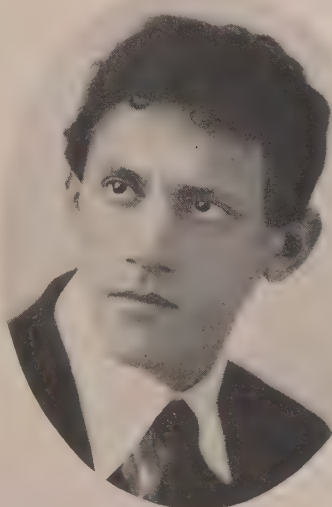


Mishkin

MAUDE FAY

She is young, beautiful and a glorious singer. Maude Fay is a woman and then a great artist

and Giuseppe de Luca made a rollicking figure of him. The ingenious and melting lover of Rosina gave play to Fernando Carpi’s extraordinary light tenor voice—a type of voice scarcely given its due, until one realizes the difficulty of singing such a rôle, and the rarity of Carpi’s equal in the work.



LEO ORNSTEIN

Perhaps nobody is the subject of so much criticism as Leo Ornstein the young Russian boy who plays piano and believes he has founded a new school of composition

In Seville, Marie Barrientos, the Rosina of our play, might have been taken as a native (indeed she is a Spaniard, to the slender, graceful hands of hers). She injected that brilliant spirit we long for in every Spanish maiden, and sang in perfect register, with clear, ringing tones. I wanted to watch Barrientos at close range—so I sat in the prompter’s box—a foot away from her, glancing hard at her face, and I noted with what a system she sings. Each note is made with skill and care; she forms her lips so for one note, in a different way for another, places her tongue under, over, close by her lips to bring out the intonation as she wishes. She is the scientist of singers,—with Madame Barrientos, the flow of melody is but the medium of her art. Have you ever laughed at *Grand opera*? Well, I defy you to resist a hearty guffaw, whether or not you know Italian, when Malatesta merely comes upon the stage as Dr. Bertolo.

Rossini in musical language instantly suggests his two followers, Donizetti and Bellini. These two in their lifetime were constant rivals, but to-day there seems no doubt of the former’s mastery. Nevertheless “I Puritani” of Bellini as given at the Metropolitan, seemed tuneful and worthwhile. After knowing all of the “regulars” of the operatic stage, as listed at the beginning of this account, the action seems stilted and unnatural. The sweetness of the melodies pall before long. While the themes vary, they are so closely related that you can scarcely tell the difference. It is as though Bellini gave you a dinner, the courses of which included sugar, granulated sugar, powdered sugar, brown sugar, honey, molasses, syrup, maple sugar, and finally saccharine. In very tiny doses, thank you, but not so much. The plot is taken from a novel of Walter Scott and deals with the period when the English Charles II had a little mess on his hands with Parliament. The new Spanish tenor had another chance to have his sing—and didn’t measure up to standard specifications, by any means. It is a spectacle to arouse anybody to regrets, that so magnificent a voice should belong to so inartistic a person, one so utterly devoid of finesse and delicacy. Perhaps Lazaro may subject himself to the care of a master coach who will lead him to a dramatic conception of his rôles. The intelligence of Barrientos, singing with Lazaro in “Puritani,” was brought out therefore in bolder relief than might be expected under ordinary circumstances.



THUS the past has spoken. The present, well, we will let that pass. But observe the future!

“Marouff” is a peep into the beyond. The orchestration is nearly all color, the singing is all atmosphere, the spectacle is a dream. Though the predecessor of “Marouff” is the “Cobbler of Bagdad,” to be found in the Arabian Nights of our childhood days, Henry Rabaud and his librettist, Lucien Nepot, cast the gentle dreamer into the days to come. Again De Luca shines in the name part, and again he is a happy-go-lucky knock-about. Frances Alda, known to us for staid, dignified, ethereal love, here blossoms out into a merry girl, who laughs and giggles and flits about the stage like a youngster in her teens. The streets of Cairo, the harem, the market place, and

(Concluded on page 250)

TYPES—

MISS AIMEE DALMORES A DARK ITALIAN TYPE



I WONDER if you happen to share the general and somewhat vague idea about the Italian coloring and are thinking as you read the heading: "A dark Italian type! Yes, but aren't all Italians dark?" I have been surprised to find how many people in this country hold that belief until their attention is called to it. For of course there is a blonde Italian type as well as the dark with which we are the more familiar, blondes, especially from the northern part of Italy, as fair and blue-eyed as any Saxon.

* * *

Miss Dalmores, however, need upset none of the traditional ideas. She has the olive skin—though so very delicate and pale as to be almost a camellia white—and the midnight black Italian hair and dark eyes, the wonderful long Italian neck and beautifully model chin line, a direct inheritance from the Greeks and which no other nation can glory in to a like degree. In short Miss Dalmores represents the dark Italian type to perfection. She has the brilliancy of the Italian sun in her eyes, and in addition to everything else, quite all her own and individual, the most adorable little red and white Dalmores smile. Of Neapolitan parentage, she says, with a distant Spanish ancestor, which accounts for the Spanish foot that I at once remarked. (If you've seen the dancers in "The Land of Joy" you'll know that it's the smallest and highest arched feminine foot in the world, even surpassing our own far-famed ones.) "Don't you think that's because I wear the Spanish type of slipper?" disclaimed Miss Dalmores modestly. But I insisted on the ancestor.

* * *

You would expect a lady with all this background to love color, wouldn't you? We will not disappoint you. The lady does,—extravagantly, when she isn't loving black and white. She could sit and eat it up for hours on end, she confesses. And she is one of those unusual women who cannot only feel color but express it as well in their dress. It makes her a delightful subject to work on.

* * *

Seeing Miss Dalmores as Ida Wayne in "The Master" one gets no idea of this color sense of hers, though the little black frock she wears throughout the play has a charming simplicity in its lines that might well be copied.



Photos Geisler & Andrews

Another lovely combination of colors that Miss Dalmores has put together is pink and red, wherein I detect the distant Spanish ancestor that is added to her Italian lineage. Here it is a flesh-pink chiffon combined with filet lace, the under side of a red velvet ribbon showing a taffeta gleam through the filet at the sides of the bodice, and ending at the waist in long loops intermingled with red velvet cherries



Miss Dalmores, true to her Italian parentage, has an intense love for color which she expresses in all her costumes. This Spring suit is of the softest dove-grey khaki-kool with grey squirrel trimming, the lining of the jacket being of turquoise-blue chiffon bordered deeply with royal blue. The toque is of coral grosgrain embroidered in an all-over pattern with a heavy black silk chain stitch

Crêpe de chine I think the material with a graceful overskirt with two w tucks, plain bodice with round neck fil in with a small shirred tucker of white and simple white collar and cuffs.

But it is in her own personal fro and frills off the stage that Miss Dalmo is particularly happy in expressing h self, and we feel that we have been v lucky in being able to get some of Spring wardrobe to show you. Begin w the street suit of khaki-kool pictured ab and work down reading from left to rig



Like the White Knight most of Miss Dalmores' clothes are her "own invention." She pulls apart and reconstructs nearly everything that comes from the designer. This negligée of Turkish influence was made from a Callot evening coat of old gold, brocaded in Chinese blue and lined with emerald-green taffeta, with bands of blue-purple velvet on cuffs and collar. The velvet was then matched with blue-purple satin for trousers into which were let triangular pieces of emerald-green taffeta, whereat behold a composition of beautiful lines and vivid color harmonies



In this navy and white Spring street costume the fine Italian hand of Miss Dalmores is seen at work. The dress, of the new extra heavy silk jersey, is cuffed and collared in white embroidered with graduated blue polka dots. The hat is of navy blue with a crown of white daisies, and the bead bag—Miss Dalmores thinks a bag such an important adjunct of a costume—is white, as are the shoes



The frock itself is just 'the beginning of the picture, Miss Dalmores believes. She takes a beige chiffon and ecru lace frock and combines it with a wide-brimmed black hat wreathed in white cherry blossoms, black patent leather slippers and white stockings, a string of pearls and the brown and white of a pointed fox skin. For a single touch of more distinct color, there is a beaded bag to go on the arm with pink roses and turquoise-blue motif against a white background

PERSONALITY IN CLOTHES

By HOWARD KENNETH GREER



(Left)

"MAYBE LATER"

The young girl's afternoon suit of rose satin broadcloth and bands of chinchilla. There is the faintest suggestion of Russia in the effect of the jacket, bloused and drawn under a belt of fur. A bit of brocade ornaments the clasp at the throat.



(Right)

"EL CAPITAN"

"What makes you seem military, my pretty maid?" "I'm sure I don't know, sir!" she shyly said, "unless it's the loops of silver braid and my upstanding collar!" The half-coat of grey broadcloth exposes nearly one side of the white charmeuse under-frock. The belt of grey suede, pulled thru a silver ring, is embroidered in silver braid.

WHEN one speaks of personality in clothes, one receives the woman with rather more than ordinary charm who skilfully adapts current styles to the caprices of her temperament. Her innermost moods and emotions make but slight impression unless expressed in a proper atmosphere of line and color. The combined shades of one's emotions compose the symphony of a mood, and clothes suggest the obligato that runs through the theme. It is quite up to the individual whether the result be a joyous triumphal march or discordant funeral hymn.

* * *

Personality is the flower of the soul; the material offshoot of the spirit. Man inherits his truer talents and the majority of his whims, but the moderately ingenious person can create an atmosphere that brightens the color of the blossom. Quite unconsciously, unattractive groggy characters are often made charming and almost brilliant by the careful selection of garment and circumstance. How often a woman, unutterably dull and stupid at tea time, appears spirited and magnetic at dinner, due to that intangible something in her gowns which inspires more to play up to. A quiet and self-sufficient woman attired in tranquil greys or blues, fashioned for one far past her in years, retires only farther into a retrospective mood, while a frock of gayer tone which exaggerates her youth, draws from within a desire to pulsate in accordance with the vibration of the color and effect. The stimulus is as evident as sunshine in contrast to gloomy weather. Even the most vapid debutante emulates a spark of intelligence when she is properly gotten up. The "savoir faire" of such



"THE PUP TENT"

"Sammy's Pencho" has inspired this shelter-coat of khaki colored waterproof cloth, lined with brilliant green silk and rubber material. The masculine coat is unbelted, but for security and diversion. Ma'mselle has added a belt. The wrap is but an oblong strip with buttons and buttonholes along either side and a slit for the head. The buttons are fastened together at the back, a short ways under the cape, when the sides part and pass under the arms to join the corners of the cape. The hat is of patent leather

a situation is the really vital school in one's life. It is impossible to put too much stress upon the importance of externally abetting these inner characteristics, for, though it is a hard contention, charm in the majority of women—is primarily more impression in these exterior attributes than in spirit. The feminine creature is not to blame for the shortcomings of her so but she is responsible for the culture of its flower. What we have termed Personality becomes then the style of expression; the technique that the artist summons in his portrayal of an idea.

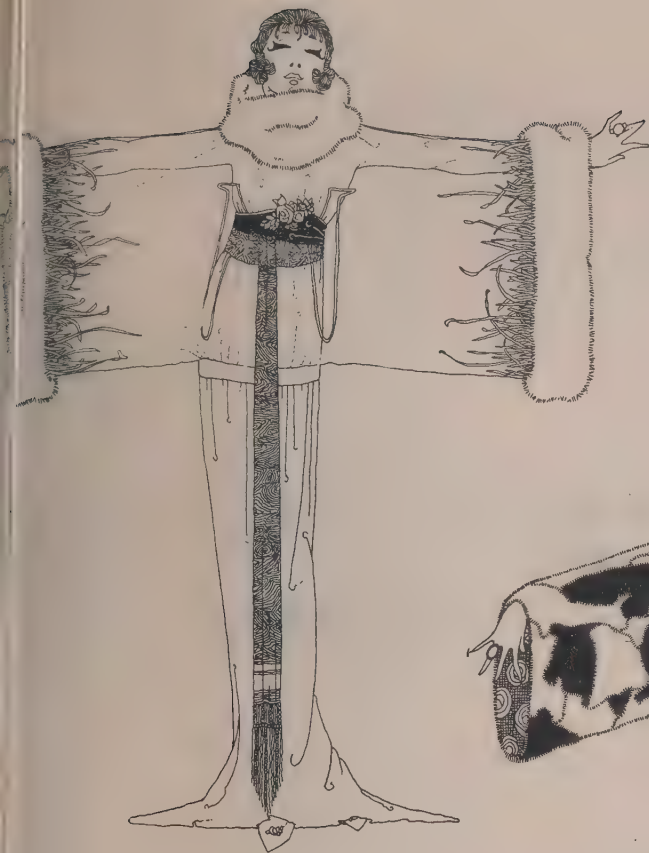
The world's most fascinating women have profited by the aid of well-chosen frocks in such exigencies. There are occasions of almost complete conversion into an inherently false but easily more attractive result. Lacking any claim to recognition for more worthy reasons, they have swayed the events of history through the readjustment of personal traits. The consequence cannot have been entirely foreign to the object, otherwise success would not have followed so surely.

* * *

Cleopatra, if she possessed any features of mortal sisters, undoubtedly longed in her heart of hearts to be a coquette, but full well realizing the absurdity of a starry-eyed expression, she put an uninteresting simplicity in gowns for such disposition as hers. She narrowed her eyes until their depths were far more mysterious fathomless than the blackest pool; she writ in clinging seductive draperies whose allurement frenzied her many admirers. Her jewels, perfumes, her robes, her impassioned movements

"MON PETIT CHAT"

For informal teas or tête-à-têtes in Milady's boudoir this soft frock of mauve marquisette and silver mauve cloth is most appropriate. The cuffs and collar are of blue fox, while the entwining marsh leaves are embroidered in silver. A girdle of sapphire surmounts a pretentious band of deep violet, heavily stitched with silver thread. The tassel of silver and knotted silk is impressive against the sheen of the draped skirt.



"BEAUTIE AND THE BEASTIE"

A most absurd but delightful concoction of fur and chiffon for the seclusion of the morning. The simple tea dress is carelessly covered with the flaunting loose-sleeved boudoir coat of ermine and mole, patched together irregularly.

the mesh of an iridescent individuality as lived to amuse us. The unsophisticated maid is probably discontented inwardly for secret wisdom is stronger than her distaste. She is exceedingly conscious of her baby stare, her mischievous pouting, her uncontrollable golden tresses, her simple am frock. Theda Bara's wardrobe and the of a Sultan's favorite might appease her but she would exert little appeal upon a rashful swain of her provinces. Adorned with the atrocities of "le dernier cri" she would not at an immediate cynosure for disapproval.

* * *

on Avenue still gossips, albeit with much grace, of the grand dame, who not so very long ago, frequently drove the length of the city in her polished barouche, superbly lined in tones of mauve or lavender—symbolic of her majesty, and perhaps a trifle of silent protest with her beautiful face softened by the heliotrope powder. The tone blended so softly with the wistfulness of her sad eyes, the droop of her romantic mouth and the gentleness of her hair, that the extraordinary situation caused little comment. One remembers it ever so faintly after she had passed on, and did not smile. The noble lady was one who had few with intimate acquaintance, yet many who knew her well, and loved her, all because of this pretty conceit. Had the same powder been affected by the frivolous type of Fifth Avenue's florid sister street the disapproval would have been laughable and foolish for the type would have carried with it insufficient suggestion of breeding and poise.

* * *

There are frequent cases of personality being attractive in some unique feature of a woman in any natural gift. The name of Gaby is visions of towering headdresses, swirls with frothy plumes, and streams of milky hair in dripping confusion, as quickly as it is any recollection of her voice or delightful mannerisms. One always associates Marie

Tempest with jaunty upstanding aigrettes shooting from the brim of her saucy hats. One cannot conceive of the Divine Sarah robbed of those inevitable scraps of fur on every gown, and jewels scattered haphazard over everything. One fails to think of Florence Walton without hoops, partly because she began the vogue—and thereby hangs an interesting tale, of Eva Tanguay without tights, of Isadora Duncan in other than Grecian robes; of Joan Sawyer dancing a program without at least one black frock; or of many other favorites without the subtle affectations that have left an impression in our pleasing memory of them.

* * *

Parisian beauties have perhaps run the gamut of daring. And well are they equipped to do so. The warmth of the southern sunshine seems to leap in their veins. Nothing is too absurd or "ultra" for their spirited loveliness. One of the most amazing examples is that of Mona Delza who has "gotten away" with the seemingly impossible in an admirable and inimitable manner. So keen was her craving for unusual but well planned color combinations that, on one occasion, when she found no other way of placing a spot of blue against an afternoon gown of yellow, she emerged upon the streets of Paris, assuredly triumphant with one of her French

poodles dangling over an arm, dyed an entrancing shade of electric blue. The gown was of soft yellow chiffon, and the girdle of satin in the same tone, while her hat was a broad-brimmed transparent affair of chiffon. One cannot but admire her nerve in declaring that her daintily shod feet should never touch the dust of the street. When her purring motor came to a standstill, a liveried footman unfurled a length of velvet carpet, upon which she trod. At one time she came upon the stage a vision of the palest apple green, and a soft green powder brushed upon her face and throat. A cluster of pearls above her left ear seemed suddenly to have been touched by the wand of a genii, for pouring from its center was an astonishing string of pearls that reached to her feet, dragged for some length upon the ground and ended in spattering tassels. At another time great emeralds clung to her rouged ear-lobes, linked together by a chain of smaller emeralds that looped beneath her chin. After all this, it is not astonishing to learn that her lingerie and sleeping garments were of the sheerest black lace, and that her bed sheets were black taffets, piped and monogrammed in brilliant green.

A Thespian sister of the beautiful Delza, who is now forcing even jaded Paris to sit up and rub its swollen eyes, has chanced upon an admirable solution to keep the tired business man and his novelty-seeking wife at attention during the intermissions. Formerly they retired to the lounge, for their cigarettes and coffee, and perhaps to criticize the play a bit unkindly.

(Concluded on page 252)



"THE RUIN OF A NATION"

Black corded silk, combined with jet and diamonds makes this dinner frock for the woman of noble bearing a most dignified and sophisticated affair. Above the design of brilliants and jet worked into the belt, is a narrow strip of silver, piped with yellow—the symbol of life to the wearer.

BAG AND BAGGAGE

By ANGELINA



ANGELINA happened to be calling on the Dolly Sisters the day they packed to go to Palm Beach. That was, of course, back in the early part of the year, and their great dancing success for the Red Cross at that famous Winter resort has been duly chronicled and is by now a matter of history. The packing day is not recorded here because of it, but because of the impression made on Angelina by the intriguing accoutrement for traveling with which the Dolly Sisters were forearmed.

* * *

Angelina was frankly envious. Packing in her family had always been something of a proposition. She had been brought up in the good old-fashioned way to regard it solemnly. Even for a short visit you planned to give several hours to the dashed affair and unless you and Mother and the maid and the tissue paper got all mixed up together nobody, especially Mother, felt that the packing had been properly done.

But there at the Dollys', almost on the eve of departure, one sister had said casually, "Do you mind if we start packing?" and the other had added, "Yes, so sorry, but I'm afraid we really must." And then the maid was commanded to "bring on" the wardrobe trunks, and the operation of packing was overseen by all three of them sitting about in easy attitudes with a jolly box of bonbons making the rounds.

* * *

Packing under such circumstances, thought Angelina, was a simple as falling off a log! Strangely enough she had never owned a wardrobe trunk. Though such trunks had been on the market many years Mother had always been so conservative about getting one and the family had all been forced to use the older kind. "Now, positively, this time I am going to have one," Angelina told herself as she saw how light were these the Dollys owned, how easily moved about, and how gay with their chintz-covered drawers and interior. How smoothly the suits and dresses packed! The maid simply took them down from their hangers in the closet and hung them on the hangers in the trunk. You knew they were guaranteed to emerge at the other end of the journey in the same unwrinkled fresh condition in which they started. Lingerie, hats, shoes, popped rapidly but orderly into the gay chintz drawers.

* * *

"If you're a busy person," said the Roszika twin—"And nowadays who isn't?" interpolated the Yancsi Dolly sister—"you simply can't afford to travel with any other kind of luggage. There isn't time enough in modern life for the different packing and unpacking

operations necessary to the other kind of trunk, to say nothing of the tidiness and generally more attractive appearance of the wardrobe trunk."

* * *

"Oh, what is that interesting looking garment going into the third drawer?" Angelina sat up alertly and reached out her hand to the maid. "May I look please? It's like a silk jersey skirt but there are long bloomers. Oh, I see! There are ruffles on the bloomers. How nice! Is that what they call a Pettibocker? I've been hear-

bag. And that's my sister's, that square like a large jewelry case. Aren't they smart? I hesitated between the two for some time before I finally decided on mine. And don't you see the small diamond-shaped gold-plate monogram on the side that we had put on? They're smart too, aren't they?" The ayes had it all around. No question.

* * *

And since curiosity—or shall we say, more euphemistically, a thirst-for-information—was



A smart box-shaped bag of Morocco leather with white celluloid fittings such as was carried to Palm Beach by one of the Dolly Sisters and that Angelina found a duplicate of afterwards on Fifth Avenue



And a sixteen-inch "bag-shaped bag," also of Morocco, also carried by a Dolly Sister to Palm Beach. To make it absolutely complete a gold-plated diamond-shaped monogram should be added to the side

ing so much about them, but this is the first real live one I've seen. Do you like the Pettibocker, may I ask? But, how silly, of course you do or you wouldn't be owning them."

"Yes, indeed," chorused the Dollys. "The long bloomers fastening just above the ankles are so warm and compact and yet give so much freedom for walking, and the ruffles from the knee down make just enough fluff to fill in. The ruffles fall together and look like a petticoat underneath one's skirt."

* * *

"And may I see what kind of bags you're going to carry, too?" inquired Angelina, as the packing was drawing to a successful close.

"This is mine," said one Dolly, as the maid brought the bags; "this soft Morocco bag-shaped

gelina's middle name, when she left the Dolly Sisters' house she rushed downtown immediately to a certain well-known leather house on Avenue, betting with herself on the way that she knew it was the very place where the suit bags could be found. "If I'm wrong," she said, "I'll buy another War-Savings Stamp."

But the Government was unfortunately a loser this time for Angelina was entirely correct. Just as she thought, there were bags, the eleven-inch Morocco leather "bag-shaped bag," and the jewelry-box-shaped bag with the celluloid fittings, and the gold-plated monograms to go on them as well. So that all right!

* * *

Wandering further afield, with the thought of bags still dominating her consciousness Angelina led by what seemed to her a process of self-hypnotism straight into a shop and to a counter of shop bags, the new "callalls."

* * *

They were of several different styles and shades, mostly in brown, though, a few were in brown and taupe grey. They had gay linings and could stow away in their capacity insides, besides all the paraphernalia incident to every well-behaved female, nine purse, many small parcels.

* * *

Angelina promptly chose one, planning, of course, to use it if necessary for toilet things and a crepe de chine nightgown if she ever wanted to get out of town in a hurry overnight. There would be room for them. Also one's knitting, which always to be taken care

(Concluded on page 24)



The Dolly Sisters' smiles show how gay and festive packing is when done in a wardrobe trunk. Simply change the suits and frocks from the hangers in your closet to the hangers in the trunk, pop your lingerie, hats, etc., into the drawers, —and hey, presto!

Balch, Price & Co.

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LOMBARDI Ltd. is another successful New York play costumed entirely in Mallinson's Silks de Luxe.

Since it is the story of an exclusive New York dressmaker, this was quite the most natural procedure.

And when the star, Miss Grace Valentine, wants an airy-fairy frock of summer sheerwear, it is equally inevitable that she should choose Indestructible Voile, a Mallinson silk of cobweb texture and broadcloth strength.

Other Mallinson Silks featured in Lombardi Ltd. are:

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Madison Avenue—31st St., New York

MADELINE DELMAR

OF MARGARET ANGLIN'S

COMPANY SHOWS WHAT

HATS ARE TO BE WORN

AND HOW

What is any outfit, Spring or Summer, without at least one black hat? A black hat ushers in the season well, it is certainly the most fitting to taper off with, and its many advantages in between are obvious. Miss Delmar is wearing here one of the new poke shapes made of fine net and shiny rough straw combined, with "shoe-polish" ribbon around the crown and a "jigger" made of the ribbon in front. Over the hat is worn a patterned lace veil, round like a centrepiece, in olive drab color. Hat from Rawak. Veil from Van Raalte.



For sport wear Miss Delmar chooses for herself this basket work pine-green straw sailor from Knox. It has odd triangular bits of wool embroidered on it at intervals, wool in pale tan and rose, a tan felt band around its crown, and a tan and rose wool posy. Only an artist could have put such a combination together. The blouse is an imported peasant one of a type particularly favored by Miss Delmar.

From Mary's Hat Shop comes this engaging imported toque of Lucie Hamar's creation, and quite the latest word in lines and materials. Observe it well! A foundation of silk is covered with hand-made violets that are cut out of leather, the whole hat an exquisite color mass of blue, the purple blue of Parma violets. The little fur coatee that Miss Delmar is wearing, also a French import from Mary's Hat Shop, is of taupe dyed caracul with collar and sleeve bands of silver rat.



Photos © Ira L. Hill



Vanity Fair Pettibocker

The tight skirt holds no terror for us now that we have our Vanity Fair Pettibockers! The days of struggling with winding, binding silk petticoats are over! The Pettibocker is all that its name implies—a petticoat in frilly appearance—a knickerbocker in comfortable reality.

The Pettibocker in all its bifurcated glory dawned upon the world of fashion a few months ago, and it seems as though we'd never worn anything else.

We could resign ourselves to going wheatless, meatless, heatless and even eatless, but "Pettibockerless"—Never! Fortunately it's a sacrifice we won't be called upon to make. The Pettibocker is so patriotic that it seems especially designed for war workers! It emancipates woman more than the ballot itself!

In all the street colors—navy, emerald, Belgian blue, taupe, black, sand, khaki, beet-root—and in pink and white for evening wear.

All the shops that carry smart apparel sell Vanity Fair Undersilks.

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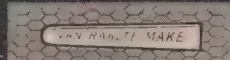
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Flavors—Vera Guid for the
Husky Throat; Delightful for the
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They eat them After Ilka Meal an'
After Smokin' or before Singing.

SCOTMINTS



NOW THAT THE FLOWERS
ARE ALMOST BLOOMING



APRIL showers this year will usher in a porch hammock guaranteed to be impervious to wet. The manufacturer has secured the exclusive rights to a well-known waterproofing process and is now producing in quantity a couch hammock of the greatest beauty and utility, upholstered in an infinite variety of richly flowered cretonnes and solid tone materials. It is so protected from the weather as to survive a summer of exposure on the lawn or porch.

* * *

Swung from a sturdy metal frame and canopied by a shady awning, it is a hammock designed to take its place in any decorative scheme. And the variety of selection is so wide that one can easily find the very hammock demanded by the color of one's awnings, porch rugs and flower boxes.

* * *

Miss Hazel Dawn has just selected for her charming summer home on Long Island one of these new hammocks, in white and turquoise green to fit into the white and turquoise green color scheme that she is working out for the cottage. The house is white with turquoise green roof and blinds on the lower windows, the upper windows being shaded by French awnings of white with a band of the green and the porch furniture, folding-table and straight-backed rush-bottomed chairs, are painted a turquoise green to match.

* * *

The hammock therefore is covered, seat and back, with turquoise green denim, and the canopy roof, which can be pulled up for a sun bath, or let down to keep one snug-as-a-bug-in-a-rug from the rain is of white with sassy turquoise green scallops on the edge. The model chosen has the new patented feature of an arm rest which eliminates the conventional and uncomfortable angles formed by the back and a pair of high side panels. It has also a neat little flat pocket on the inside of one of the arms, in which to tuck away papers or magazines.

* * *

Miss Dawn is planning to have a small old-fashioned garden surrounding the cottage with rows of pink and yellow hollyhocks to look primly in at the windows and a stone-flagged path with grass growing between the interstices to lead up to the turquoise green and white porch. Will the grass be turquoise green too? To be sure it will. There will be a bird bath of white Carrara marble to offer hospitality to all stragglers and a sun-dial, on which Miss Dawn hopes to have inscribed the Latin motto, *horas non numero, nisi serenas*, whose correct interpretation, perhaps, you may remember from the Dolly Dialogue caused such a long discussion between Dolly and Mr. Carter. Lastly there will be for the turquoise green roof of the house a fickle weather-vane, to gauge the wind by,—unusual weather-vanes being one of the latest fads of those who care to have.



* * *

Miss Dawn found all these decorative objects at a famous Fifth Avenue shop and in such alluring profusion that it took her a long time to select from amongst them just the right articles to gain the effect she was working for. She was very pleased to find, too, that the prices were extremely moderate.



And at another shop just a block away from Fifth Avenue she found the most unusual abundance of the practical things to make her garden thrive and blossom-as-the-rose sets of tools of every sort and baskets to carry them in. She was there she picked out the weather-vane that is pictured for you on the left.



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Cravenette Finished
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Resists Water

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Votes, we mean. Men often do waste theirs—they came so easily. Where is there unbiased and authoritative information that will assist women in the fulfilment of their new duties as voters? It is a book called "The Woman Voter's Manual," by Dr. S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler, with an introduction by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. It is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold by all booksellers for a dollar.

"The Woman Voter's Manual" explains what the machinery of balloting is, tells the steps to be taken by the voter in all kinds of elections, and in general makes the way easy for any voter. It supplies a background of information as to the organization of the Government, the history of the chief political parties, and other related subjects that are indispensable to the citizen, upon whom the burden rests not only of voting but of voting intelligently. It's a safe dollar investment for any voter. Buy it to-day.

BAG AND BAGGAGE

(Continued from page 242)

Two weeks later Angelina's breakfast mail held a card announcing that Maxon's, the Model Gown Shop, was ready for its Spring inspection. *Evviva!* That was always one of the events of each season. Angelina rushed to put on her things and hurried off to Maxon's.

Such frocks as she found there, such suits and coats! The things were more enchanting than ever. But then one always said that at each fresh opening of Maxon's. And the reasonableness of the prices!

as to be able to resist the beautiful bargains of the Maxon Shop, but Angelina's was not among them.

And having a dinner frock what was more natural than to wish for a dinner to go with it. Yet it happened to be an off-day for Angelina with no dinner engagement. Perhaps though fate could be gently manipulated. Turning into the Astor she walked down that famous corridor of many "dates."

And if it wasn't dear old Tubby



Miss Grace Valentine, as Angelina and Tubby saw her at "Lombardi, Ltd.," playing the rôle of the Mannequin Daisy. Tito Lombardi would describe the negligée as "a duck-from-a-costume," a negligée intricately fashioned by Madam Haverstick of lemon indestructible voile and satin ribbons in two shades of mauve

One always exclaimed over those, too. But this time it was really true. They were lower than they had ever been before. Never had French models been offered in America for such moderate sums. It was too exciting!

Angelina had been wanting a dark blue dinner gown for some time, since Paris set its approving seal on that color for evening; but those she had priced in one or two of the Fifth Avenue shops were beyond her allowance. So she was delighted to find one at Maxon's, blue chiffon over grey satin, beaded in small dull beads and with the new flowing chiffon sleeves, caught in at the wrist with a beaded band, that was not alone an entirely proper price, but a stimulating price. So stimulating as to make you go further and buy another frock, which Angelina proceeded to do. There may be feminine hearts so steeled

to the rescue again! Angelina! Beautiful child! What luck! Had she an engagement for that evening? What? No? Luck again! Then would she go to dinner and "Lombardi, Ltd." after?

"Oh, Tubby, how sweet of you!" cried Angelina. "I'm just dying to see the play. Everybody in my world is talking about it. They have just put the whole cast into a new Spring wardrobe using those lovely Mallinson materials, and they say the costumes are wonderful."

"They" were entirely right, Angelina and Tubby found that evening, and Tubby was quite as enthusiastic as Angelina over the frocks. He wished earnestly that Angelina would have a suit like the one in the last act of that roughish pink what-you-m-call-'em.....

"Khaki-kool, Tubby," prompted Angelina, and "khaki-kool," repeated Tubby obediently.

ESTABLISHED 1863

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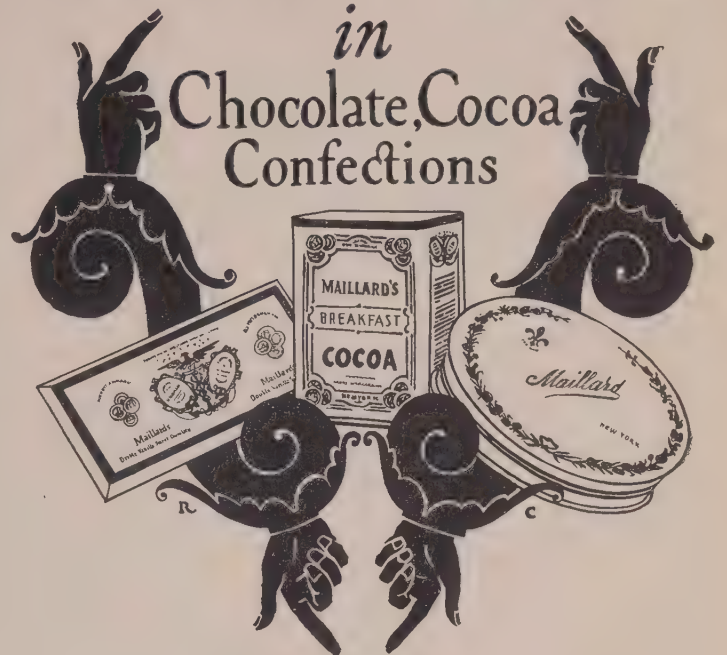
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A new exclusive Oxford model of exceptional quality. Bench-made of rich tan calf, patent leather or gun metal. Turned sole, Louis XV heel.

Send for Style Booklet "D"

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

(Continued from page 237)

Sultan's palace teem with Oriental sensuousness, in which the orchestra is the chief actor and Pierre Monteux, the guiding spirit.

But if Rabaud has gone into the misty beyond, he is outdistanced by far, in the metamorphosis of "Le Coq d'Or" of Rimsky-Korsakoff. I say "metamorphosis" with direct significance, for the composer never dreamed of such a production as has been brought out under the magician-ship of Adolf Bolm. When "The Golden Cock" was originally sung, it was a dire failure. That was many years ago. Bolm knew the score and appreciated its wealth of melody and harmonic effects but analyzed the failure and attributed it to lack of action. Now here is what happens in Bolm's version. The singers are well grouped on the sides of the stage, costumed alike in a dull color which neutralizes with the background and practically annuls their presence.

IN the action, pantomimists move about and gesture as their notes are sung. For instance, Didur sings the King's part, and Bolm acts the part. Barrientos is the Princess and Rosina Galli dances it. "The Golden Cock" is a satire in three scenes and one chuckles all through. An astrologer has brought a magic rooster which it is promised will crow whenever war is threatened. It does crow—the armies rush out, and find no enemy. Meantime the crow is heard again and fresh armies go to re-enforce the first, but mistake their countrymen for the enemy, with general destruction resulting. The King is a very, very stern funny monarch attended by lovely maidens, who weep and moan and throw themselves about to the queerest melodies you ever heard, when the King dies. But the King has things to do before he dies. He is out on the battlefield and meets a sorcerer princess who dances to him and makes him very gay and amorous, bless you. And with Rosina Galli dancing and Barrientos singing, who could blame him? The whole action is grotesque, the scenes are futuristic and bewildering, with dwarfs, giants, freaks of all descriptions, parading in the King's own room! Willy Pogany did the painting and I understand that Mr. Siedle worked out the ingenious rooster which crows, flaps its wings, throws its chin in the air and flies around the stage. The most charming, interesting production in America is "Coq d'Or," and a great tribute to Adolf Bolm this criticism is intended.

A LITTLE man from overseas, Henri Verbrugghen, came to America and did a Beethoven Symphony concert, which infused new life, new belief, new understanding of that other little figure of Beethoven. The material at Verbrugghen's command was not of the best. His orchestra was The Russian Symphony Society, ordinarily led by Modest Altschuler. But under Verbrugghen it was no longer itself. A brilliancy, a unity of strength seemed infused. The men played not as individuals but as tiny parts of a magnificent single instrument. It was all Verbrugghen. And Verbrugghen was just Beethoven. In one's imagination, the tragic figure of the composer hovered about the stage, the great forehead drawn in intense thought, the hands clasped behind the back, pacing back and forth. Perhaps Beethoven heard!

The love for Beethoven is almost all of Verbrugghen's life. He carries the scores of the fifth and ninth symphonies with him always, reading them incessantly, constantly finding new beauties, and striving to

evolve a method of creating them as Beethoven intended. "The modern orchestra is a very different organization than existed in the day of the Master," explains Verbrugghen. "It is bigger, more ponderous. One must revise the orchestra to play the music as Beethoven desired. I do not permit all the instruments to play all of the time. Thus when the wood instruments are meant to sound out over the others, I subdue the rest of the orchestra. Perhaps only a few first violins and a few second violins then play, instead of all of them. I bring the parts in relief, like a sculptor might do. I know from reading the correspondence of Beethoven that he had intended revising his earlier works, with more and more markings, showing just how to bring out the hidden nuances."


Verbrugghen has already gone back to Sydney where he is director of the only governmental school in the world; we hope he returns for a lengthier stay.

IN the concert halls, already the opera stars are making their appearances. De Luca gave a flawless afternoon, doing some American songs as a surprise. They were American, all right, as only an Italian can sing them. Frieda Hempel was a lovely recitalist, and Maude Fay surprised the critics with a wonderful voice. I heard Josef Hofmann and wondered if anyone could surpass him, listened again to Max Rosen and felt he already had advanced considerably since his debut, gave ear to Leo Ornstein and must place him high as a pianist of skill and ability, and say that his music must be given serious attention. Ornstein is sincere, of that I have been convinced; he is no poseur. He does not play to the galleries and his manners are not affectations.

There is much cause for rejoicing in the newly organized Commonwealth Opera, dedicated to the presentation of the light operas in understandable English, with rich choruses and good principals—but sold to the public at minimum prices of admission. The Commonwealth is to belong to the people of New York City—there are to be no profits paid to anybody. As any money is made, new companies are to be sent to other cities. Each seat-holder is to have the power of the vote,—to say what operas are to be chosen, what directors retained on the Board, what singers are to be engaged. In other words, a real people's musical organization. The people are coming into their own! John Philip Sousa is the president of the Commonwealth, other officers are De Wolf Hopper, Silvio Hein, Raymond Hitchcock, with advisory members such as Frances Alda, S. L. Rothapfel, Giuseppe De Luca, Harry Barnhart, Charles Wakefield Cadman, etc., with R. G. Stewart as General Director. Stewart knows the light operas—he will be remembered for his fine work in Castle Square and the Bostonians and recently as Stage Manager of the Hippodrome.

The people are beginning to understand. Pierre Monteux, of the Metropolitan conducting staff, says he would rather give a popular performance than be the conductor for the fashionable subscription nights. Josef Stransky of the Philharmonic declares that Americans are much better students of the symphony than the Europeans. And Giuseppe De Luca, the artistic baritone of the Metropolitan says:

"I would rather sing in America than any country on the globe, though your English language it is very deafecult."



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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

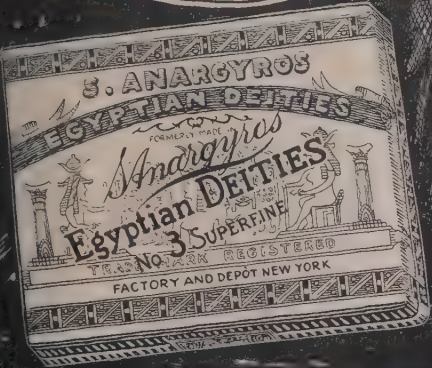
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A GOOD DAY'S WORK
THEN

A GOOD SHOW

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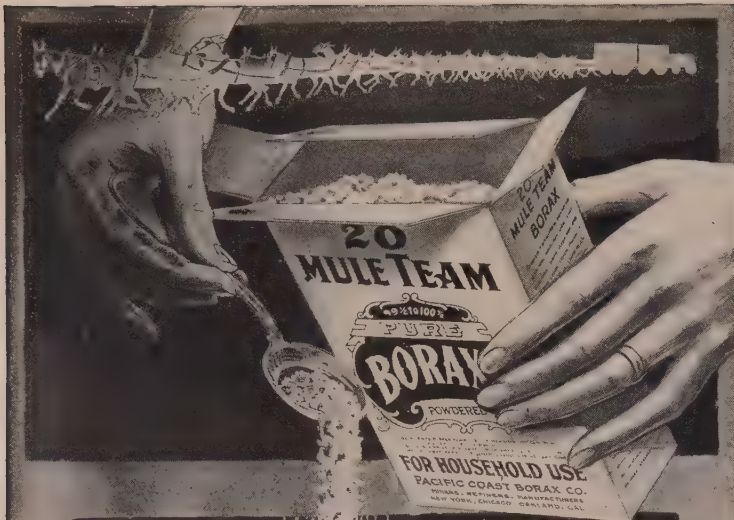
A GOOD SUPPER

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SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But



MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell
20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the
Bath

PERSONALITY IN CLOTHES

(Continued from page 241)

But now they are afforded no such chance. Their interest is quite as intense when the curtain is lowered and the lights of the auditorium flare up as when they sit in darkness, watching the development of the plot. The frivolous little actress has worked out the problem of her own efficiency in a most delightful manner; while she is dashing from one adorable creation into another, she provides amusement for her audience. In the center aisle, directly behind the orchestra pit, is an improvised dressing-room, and maids a-plenty at her service, with hand mirrors, powder puffs, rouge sticks and nimble fingers. At the finale of her act she steps nonchalantly over the footlights, floats down a tiny gold stairway, and, for all the world as though she were entering her secluded dressing-room off-stage, she allows her cloak to slip from her shoulders, lifts the head-dress from a mass of copper tresses and permits her frock to be removed while she unconcernedly pats her nose with scented powder. While she changes her jewels and slips her toes into other slippers, Suzette and Therese fasten her into another fancy of a famous couturier's art. During the breathless interval between frocks, the tired business man and his novelty-seeking wife are admiring, each in their

own way, her shimmering hose; embroidered in jewels, and her lingerie, as soft as the wisp of cloud that floats across a Summer sky. She, indeed, has made the most of a personality in clothes.

If you feel that you have anything in common with Nora Baye you might try getting into your motor coat the wrong way, and buttoning it down the back. That but one of the many different things that Miss Bayes has done. She never grows tired of things because she is constantly changing them in some fashion or other to suit her mood. Were she costuming herself for a Ball of the Americas, I am sure that she would pick a bit from each country's costume throw them together indiscriminately and christen the finished product "All the Allies." The personality expressed in the arrangements of her household is quite as incoherent, and even more astonishing. The boudoir of her town house is a immense room which impresses one at first sight as being a most distinctive collection of intimate precious antiques. There can't be a more original spot in the world.

Personality! The flower of the soul; the material off-shoot of the spirit. The expression of Milady's moods and mannerisms! What a vital part in the development of her one brief existence.

VICTROLA RECORDS

DEEP in the affections of all our people lie those older American songs, so near akin to folk songs in their simplicity and beauty. This is especially true since so eminent an interpreter as Alma Gluck has brought to them her art and sent them winging their way on Victrola Records to acquaint the present and future generations with their charm and to find lodgment in the heart's innermost precincts.

"Darling Nelly Gray" is one of these old-time melodies that sparkles with new interest through the rendition that Gluck has just given on Victrola Records. "The Lord is My Light" is a hymn of trust that McCormack, on a new Victrola Record, delivers with passionate sincerity. Apart from its message the song is usually good music—melodious in style, glorious in rich in harmony and intensely dramatic in feeling. "A Little Bit O' Honey" is the latest composition from the pen of Carrie Jacobs-Bond which Eva Williams has made imperishable by singing for Victrola Records.—Advt.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

WARTIME songs, growing in popularity with each day's news from the Yankee boys in France, are prominent in Columbia's April list of records. Arthur Fields sings "I'll Come Back to You When It's All Over," the Sterling Trio is heard in "Au Revoir But Not Good-bye, Soldier Boy," Frederick Wheeler hits a popular note in "American Thru and Thru," Henry Burr has a touching theme in "A Baby's Prayer at Twilight for Her Daddy Over There," and there are half a dozen more of strong appeal.

A noteworthy feature of the April

program is Riccardo Stracciari singing of "Cortigiani Vil Razza Dannata" from "Rigoletto," in which he thrilled opera audiences in Chicago, New York and Boston. Other records of particular interest are two brilliant selections by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Bach's "Sing Ye to the Lord" and Tschakowsky's "A Legend," sung by Paulist Choristers, and two charming cello numbers by Pablo Casals.

Columbia's April dance list contains captivating records by the Jazarimba Orchestra, Handy's Orchestra, and Prince's Band.—Advt.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, President

(The standard institution of dramatic education for thirty-three years)

Detailed catalog from the Secretary

ROOM 172, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

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Talc Jonteel 25¢

Perfumed with the Costly New Odor of 26 Flowers

WHY has Talc Jonteel created such a sensation in the world of fashion? Why is its odor so new—so different?

Because Jonteel's fragrance is the interblending of twenty-six different scents—Roses and Orange-blossoms from the Riviera; English Lavender; Vetivert and mystic Sandalwood from India; Ylang-ylang from Manila, and 20 others just as delightful. All gathered together at great expense and subtly blended by a master perfumer.

Just *smell* this lovely odor! Smell it in *Talc Jonteel*, snowy white and unbelievably fine. Smell it in delightful *Face Powder*

Jonteel, delicately tinted, clinging, *invisible*. And smell its wonderful exhilarating freshness in

THE NEW COMBINATION CREAM JONTEEL made from a remarkable new formula. A cream that is neither greasy nor "greaseless." A cream for softening, healing and beautifying the skin.

Then you will marvel that this costly new odor, embodied in products of such high quality and so beautifully packaged, can be secured at *prices so low*.

Stop at the nearest Rexall Store and carry home a can of Talc Jonteel and a handy jar of Cream Jonteel today!

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States; Canada and Great Britain have exclusive sale of Jonteel. This privilege has been accorded them because they are the foremost drug stores in their respective towns, distributors of the highest grade toilet requisites; and because they are linked together into a great National organization for the giving of Service. Among them are the 200 Liggett Stores reaching from New York and Boston to Winnipeg; Marshall's of Cleveland; Kiesling's of Houston; Druehl & Franken's, Salt Lake City, and the leading druggists in every other city or town.

Cold Cream Jonteel, 50c. Face Powder Jonteel, 50c. Invisibly clinging. Fragrant and cleansing. Will not grow hair.

Flesh, brunette, or white. Send 10c for trial box (specify tint). Reproduces the handsome, full-size box in miniature. Contains liberal supply of powder. Liggett's, Dept. H, 102 19th St., New York.

Combination Cream Jonteel, 50c. Softening, protecting. Will not grow hair.

(In Canada, prices slightly higher.)



Isn't Professor Linn Right?

An Appeal to the Readers of Theatre Magazine

Just before adjournment last September, Congress hurriedly adopted the Zone System for second class postage rates. It is a bad law, and there is still time to change it since it does not go into effect until July 1.

One of the clearest presentations of the folly of curbing our great national magazines comes from the pen of Professor J. W. Linn of the University of Chicago—a man of knowledge and vision, who sees our country as a whole, reading and thinking and feeling as one people. Read what Professor Linn says:

If the proposed Zone System of postal rates should be adopted, the result would be the extermination of a very large number of magazines, and as far as the rest are concerned, a large increase in price to the subscriber. Now, I am not speaking from the slightest financial interest in the publishing business. I have no connection with it whatever. I am a teacher of English in a university, and have been for eighteen years. What I should like to do is to point out the result to the nation if you increase the price and limit the circulation of newspapers and magazines.

Many of these newspapers and magazines have a definite, even what might be called a formal, educational influence—particularly the magazines. They are constantly used in our schools and colleges all over the country as text books—used in courses in literature, in composition, in history, in civics, in science.

Hundreds of thousands of copies weekly or monthly are so employed. They have taken a recognized place in modern education. The whole effort of that education at the present day is to vitalize the schools; to connect up boys and girls with affairs and to develop their vocational opportunities. The magazines are serving this effort splendidly.

There is hardly a big university, in the West at any rate, there are few small colleges, which do not employ them in classroom work; and the number of high schools in which they are used runs into thousands. You say such magazines will not be eliminated? They must, however, pass on the tax; they must greatly increase their rates; the expense to the students must be much greater; and so their use will be much less and their influence will be crippled.

But this formal educational work, though important, is not the most important educational service of magazines and newspapers. Their great effect is in their spread of ideas. They get people to read. Books do not serve so well. There is such a thing as intellectual inertia, and books are not so likely to overcome it. The habit of book reading is a good habit, but for millions in this country it is a habit hard to cultivate. They will not sit down to a book; they will pick up a newspaper or a magazine. Now, is such reading, call it desultory if you please, really educational? Emphatically it is.

I am not going to say more than a word about the tremendous amount of real information, real education, that the magazines and newspapers give.

Our Congress has made a hasty decision, which threatens us with the condition Lincoln so warned against: "A Nation Divided Against Itself."

It is not too late to have the condition changed. Public pressure will repeal the law. Do your share—but do it at once! Write this to your Congressman: "I consider the zone system postal law, with its increased postage on periodicals and papers, unjust and dangerous to the future welfare of our country. I, therefore, wish you, as my Representative, to do all in your power to have the law repealed."

If you don't know the name of your Congressman, secure same at Post Office.

You shut off the farm journals, as these proposed zone rates would shut them off, and you decrease the productive power of this country by many more millions.

You shut off such a journal as *The Christian Herald*, and you shut off an agency that has raised over four million dollars for charitable and religious organizations in ten years and that in so doing has enormously increased the interest of people in giving, which is one of the things that a democracy absolutely has to learn the value of.

You shut off the *Woman's Home Companion* and you shut off an agency that in the last few years has sent out elaborate, personal, expert, individual instructions to over three hundred thousand women on the care of their children—how much do you calculate that one magazine has done to improve the health of the children of this nation?

You shut off the newspapers, with their careful, scientific information about the care of the health, information that hundreds of them are dispensing daily, and you might as well go out and shoot down 10,000 doctors; you would do less actual harm.

You say these papers and magazines would not be destroyed by these proposed new laws? You know what would happen—you know that the prices to subscribers would rise, and circulation would narrow—and just who would lose out?

Why, just exactly the people who must have the reading habit if this is going to be a democratic nation—the small town people, the country people. These publications are printed in big cities; the first zone, the cheapest zone, would be in and near those cities. That means you have shut off education just where it is needed. The cities will read anyway, there are many educational opportunities in the cities; but the small towns and the rural districts depend to a large extent on newspapers and magazines.

You shut out those boys and girls, those men and women, from the reading habit. You shut them out from the freest possible circulation of ideas, just at the time when that freest possible circulation is most essential. I say as a college teacher, a man who has been in the educational profession almost a generation, that in my judgment you could hardly stab nearer the heart of the nation than by stabbing at the country circulation of newspapers and magazines; and yet that is exactly where this increase in second-class postal rates, this Zone System, is directing the knife.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
PUBLISHERS

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



© Evans, Los Angeles

MONA LISA

H. M. Horkheimer of the Balboa Company announces that the first screen appearance of his new star, Mona Lisa, will take place early this spring. Great curiosity is being manifested in the film world regarding the lady

THE PLAY. Brief Comment on Divers Things. William A. Brady's Views of the Effect of Hard Times on Cinema and Spoken Drama—Picture Plays Getting Better Says Louis Sherwin, but He Asks a Few "Whys"—Notes Here and There

A FEW weeks ago I asked William A. Brady, who has played quite extensively in every conceivable branch of the show business, whether he did not think the cinema people were now better organized and equipped to meet hard times than the theatrical managers. Dr. Brady does not think they are, or at any rate he did not think so a few weeks ago. "The regular theatrical ship," he said, "has at least the advantage of being skippered by men who have weathered storms before, and who know what storms mean," or words to that effect. Continuing Dr. Brady's metaphor, I would not like to sail in heavy weather on a ship whose navigating officers started the cruise with a fight and proceeded to sling the life belts at each other's heads.

The more I see of moving pictures the less I am able to understand many abracadabrant things about them. Why, for instance, is the name of the man who turned the crank of the camera heralded to the world in large letters? I am perfectly aware that he is frequently a highly skilled and highly paid individual, for which I salute him. But does even the most assiduous frequenter of the cinema palaces ever pay any attention to the name of the director and the photographer and the gentleman who switched on the current and all that?

Again I must confess that the popularity of certain virtuosi of the screen baffles me completely. Personally, I demand very little. So long as the heroines are of superlative beauty, I am quite satisfied. Their art, frankly, is something I do not understand. I wish, for example, that somebody would explain to me what the young lady named Mae Marsh does that could not be just as well or better done by a better looking damsel.

On the other hand, I am struck by the fact that the writers of film scenarios are now going to the very best sources for their plots. "The Beloved Traitor," for instance, is as ingenious an adaptation as you could imagine of D'Annunzio's "La Gioconda."

I can readily understand why so many people rather go to the Rialto, the Strand or the Rivoli than to the spoken drama. In the first place you do not have to go to the picture palaces at any stated time. Furthermore you are spared the assault on your ears of so many rasping, shrill, unpleasant voices, vulgar pronunciation, common, offensive accents.

As for the quality of the plays there is very little to choose now between the silent and the spoken draymer. I don't know whether this is due to an improvement in the cinema scenarios or a falling off in the standard of plays on Broadway. Probably both. At any rate the, least diverting photodramas are those which were originally spoken plays.

Another thing I would like to know is: why are the intervals between Chaplin pictures so long? It has been months since we saw a new one. This is a serious matter, because my liver gets sluggish if I don't see one of Mr. Chaplin's turlupinades once every three weeks or so.

LOUIS SHERWIN.

(Reprinted from *The Globe and Commercial Advertiser*.)

February 28, 1918.



PROVING THAT DRAMATIC CRITICS SHOULD STICK TO THEIR LAST

A PERUSAL of the above would seem to make it very plain that some dramatic critics are absolutely non-essential to the motion picture art. I will go further and say that their biased and non-constructive criticism is not only unilluminating to the public, but also unhelpful to the picture producer and the star.

Mr. Sherwin, the esteemed dramatic critic of the *Globe*, asks questions in his brief *resumé* of pictures that are really hard to credit, coming as they do from a man who should know better. However, for once I am perfectly willing to turn encyclopedia for your benefit, Mr. Sherwin, and will try to answer to the best of my ability some of your, as Goldberg would put it, "foolish questions."

You ask, do even the most assiduous frequenters of pictures ever pay any attention to the name of the director and the photographer? Do you mean to say that you do not know that hundreds of thousands—young and old—will visit any theatre that displays the names of such directors as Griffith, Sennett, Ince, Walsh?

You ask what it is that Mae Marsh does that could not be just as well or better done by a better looking damsel. You are pleased to be facetious and go on to say that personally you do not demand very much—as long as the star is good looking you are quite satisfied. My word, Mr. Sherwin, you should take the trouble to visit a few studios. Inasmuch as you say you do not understand motion picture art, a few trips would enlighten you. You would readily understand that if you were to place twelve beautiful damsels in a row and put Mae Marsh at the end and ask the twelve to walk to the door, open it, and register happiness or sorrow as the case might be, then and then only would you realize what it is Mae Marsh possesses that the other eleven do not.

You say on the other hand, that you are struck by the fact that writers of film scenarios are now going to the very best sources for their plots. Well, for once you have *struck it right*. As a matter of fact, very few original scenarios are being produced, and the scenario writer of the present is more or less an adapter of some other man or woman's ideas.

You ask why are the intervals between Chaplin pictures so long? For this, I must refer you to the First National Exhibitors Corporation who have Chaplin under contract, and it is my sincere hope that your "liver will not get sluggish" before the comedian of your choice puts in his next screen appearance.

I might add, Mr. Sherwin, that I read in one of the theatrical trade papers that your esteemed contemporary, Alan Dale, has ceased to review pictures. Think of the calamity! The article says Dale lately stated that picture productions were beyond him for about one in ten are worth while reviewing at all.

MIRILO.



Mabel Normand in "Dodging a Million," produced by Goldwyn



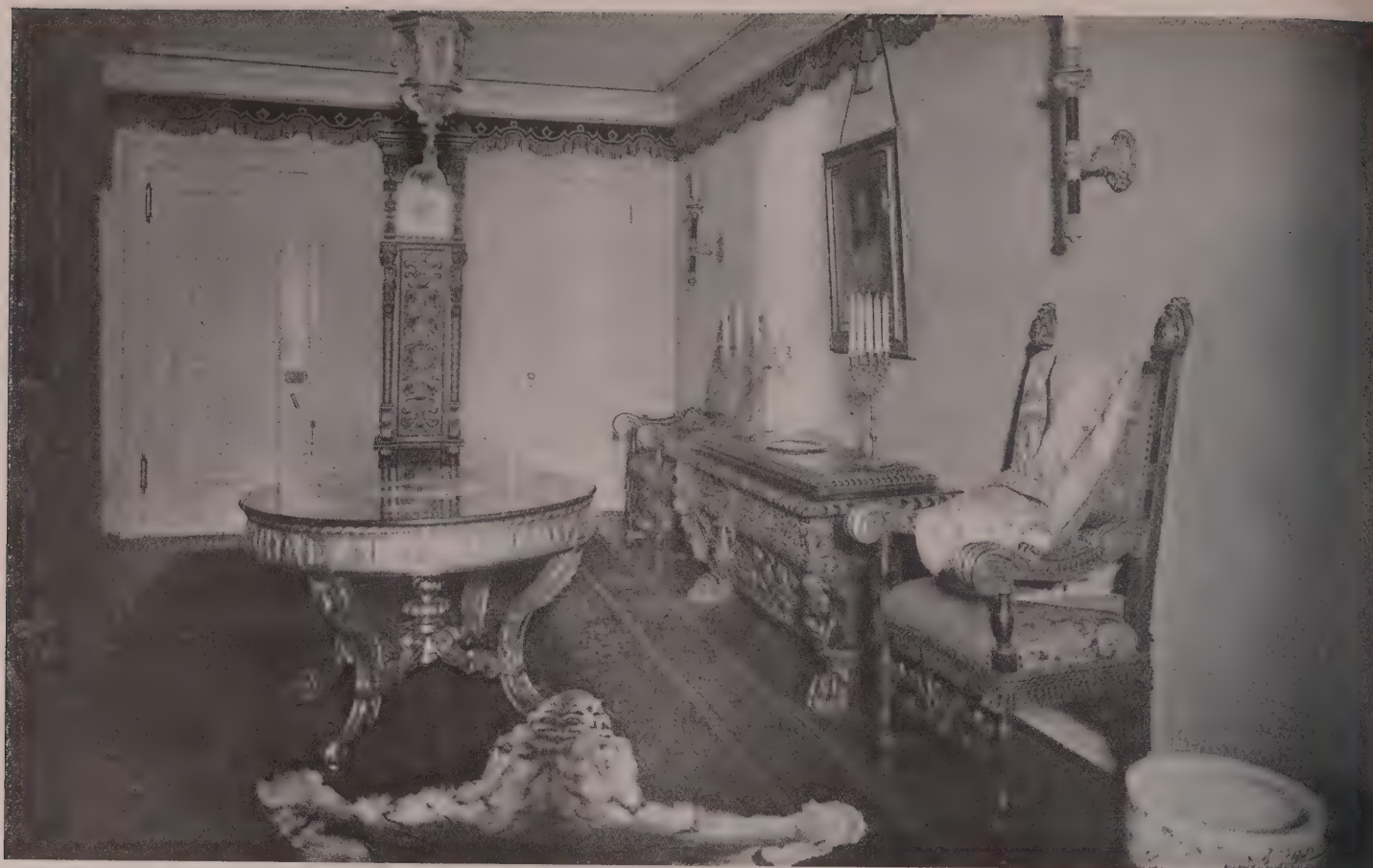
An exciting moment for Marguerite Clark in the picture adaptation of her last stage production "Prunella," being screened by Paramount



Dorothy Dalton, Ince Paramount star, in her country home near Arrowhead Springs, Cal.



Betty Blythe of the Vitagraph, who appears in support of Arthur Guy Empey in "Over the Top"



The foyer of Miss Kimball's apartment is enclosed in walls of carved stone around the top of which runs a frieze of Antique XVI Century red velvet points. The chairs are also Antique XVI Century, covered in damask



In the living room the walls are like those in the foyer, carved stone and red velvet frieze, the red velvet, appliqued with gold cloth, forming the hangings at the window. The furniture is Italian walnut of the XVI Century

C L A R A K I M B A L L Y O U N G ' S H O M E



Though the dining-room is treated in the Russian manner the period of the XVI Century has still been adhered to. Walls of rough grey plaster stenciled in red and old blues, and XVI Century black velvet hangings, make a background for carved table and chairs covered in blue velvet



Miss Kimball's bedroom shows the lighter mood of the French with its Louis XVI furniture of grey and gold, its walls paneled and painted in French grey. The window and the bed hangings are of figured rose damask and of rose taffeta trimmed with antique lace

John H. Uhtaff is the decorator



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

The quintessence of refinement, now at the zenith of her career, under the personal management of Harry I. Garson

WHAT ARE THE PROSPECTS OF THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY AFTER THE WAR?



THE particular problems with which the motion picture industry has to deal will not be when the war is over. During that time of readjustment of conditions, there will be ample opportunity for the moving picture to prove its worth to a public that must have its clean and necessary diversion, a public that will come to believe in economy and value in the motion picture the economical amusement and relaxation it is to-day.

It is probably a fact that readjustment of conditions in the motion picture business will not be as necessary as in other lines of business after the war, because motion pictures are built on a firm foundation, have been quick to sense the pulse of the public and have been vitally responsive to conditions as they are. In any case, conditions that have already handed a certain amount of readjustment in all lines of business.

It is not easy or indeed wise to make prophecies as to the attitude of the public toward motion pictures after the war, but this much may be set down as certain: A public that has learned to discriminate, to demand the very best in pictures, will not lose that sense of discrimination after the war.

The exhibitor's problems will not be ended when the war ends. Now, as well as after the war, is the time for him to build for the future, to make his house the court of happiness and gladness for his locality, where his patrons will gather to relax the tension of the times. In so doing he will not only benefit himself, but will be performing a patriotic service for his community. In times of peace, the maxim of "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is well recognized, and the film industry was brought to present proportions because the American public thoroughly believed in it. In times of war, with the added mental burdens, the motion picture theatre is more than ever a public necessity.

Advertising is now essential to the exhibitor, for he should drive home the fact that HIS is the playhouse of comfort, amusement and entertainment, in which are presented the famous stars of the stage and screen. His advertising must be honest, however, and in many instances it will open the eyes of the exhibitor when he starts his advertising campaign to discover that he has nothing worth while to advertise if he is not showing the artists and the plays that the public demands.

Many theatres will take advantage of the conditions which have arisen, and which may become more intense after the war, and will capture increased patronage and prosperity by broadsides of publicity. Others will not, and they will have no one to blame but themselves and

anticipation of the future by its great national advertising campaign of education to acquaint the public with the photoplays it produces, and it is backing up this publicity with the best pictures that brains, money and experience can produce. The exhibitor, therefore, should surely

ful what they have been able to do in spite of the war obstacles confronting them for the past three years. The theatres generally are all doing a good business, the admission ranging from 25 to 75 cents and some of the lower class houses charging 10 and 15 cents.

In normal times the number of houses is approximately 4,200, and the decrease has been inconsequential. In fact, they have done remarkably well. The government has seen that to counteract the gloom of the war the public must be amused, to divert the mind from the fact that practically every family has some loved one at the front or has suffered losses. The British government has been very far-sighted in that respect after the people passed through the first shock of the early months of the war. Drastic action was contemplated at first in regard to restricting the theatres, but the prominent film men of England interceded and nothing was done, and it is now recognized that it would have been detrimental.

The continual changing of help is one of the many present difficulties in England, under which the theatres have had to labor as the men were taken into the army and women have taken their places. After the war it may still be a common thing to see, in the motion picture theatres, a staff of women including the ushers and even the managers.

The indifferent film is doomed in France, as it is in this country, and I believe the industry will emerge from the conditions the war has brought on in splendid shape, crystallized and strengthened by reforms which have become necessary. The exhibitor with the instincts of a real showman, who will adjust himself to the inevitable, need have no serious fears. In times like these, the biggest and best productions with famous plays and noted artists will weather the storm. In the battle for supremacy the man who brings the biggest guns to bear will win, and longer runs with the best pictures is the slogan to be adopted.

So in those days of "after the war" the motion picture will have an heroic part to play in upbuilding and upkeeping the morale of this great country. The photoplay will fill a tremendous place in the reconstruction period, which will follow upon the heels of war, and those who have followed the upward trend of the motion picture since the days of its early history know that even now it is fully equal to the task it will be called upon to perform in the days after the war.



Mary Pickford in "The Little American," one of her biggest screen successes, produced by Artcraft



"The Little American" symbolizes the hope of the world for democracy

their lack of enterprise and appreciation of the highly important part they play in the general morale of the nation.

It should not be forgotten that the Famous Players Lasky Corporation has demonstrated its faith in the present condition and the an-

not ignore the warning I am giving him, and I sincerely hope he will believe the good faith that inspires it.

The film history of England and France will be closely allied to ours, after the war. The English showmen, as a class, are wide-awake and intelligent, and it is simply wonder-

UNWINDING THE REEL



J. A. Berst has resigned as vice-president and general manager of Pathé Exchange, Inc., at a meeting of the Board of Directors held Tuesday, March 7th. Mr. Berst will be succeeded by Paul Brunet, who up to the present time has been comptroller of the company.

* * *

Mutt and Jeff cartoons will in the future be released through the Fox Film Corporation. Their creator, best known as Bud Fisher, but now Captain in the British Army, closed the deal with the Fox Corporation.

* * *

Nora Bayes, the star of the Cohan Revue, is said to have received several flattering offers to appear on the screen, and will probably sign with a producing corporation in the very near future.

* * *

Max Linder, the French comedian, who was compelled to terminate his Essanay contract on account of a physical breakdown, after only three of his scheduled twelve productions were made, has recovered his health and will return to the United States in April or May to make a new series of pictures, which will probably be written especially for him by Tom Bret.

* * *

Evelyn Greeley has renewed her contract with the World Film Corporation. Just recently Miss Greeley appeared as a star with Carlyle Blackwell in "His Royal Highness." Her next appearance on the World program will be in "The Leap to Fame," with Carlyle Blackwell.

* * *

A fine of \$1,000—the maximum penalty—was the portion of Giles P. Cory, the Chicago broker, for his share in selling of stock in "The Birth of a Race" photoplay company. Cory pleaded guilty to a violation of the new blue sky law in Illinois prohibiting the selling of unlisted stocks without license. Mr. Cory claimed he pleaded guilty and accepted the fine because he desired to dispose of his case as soon as possible, as he did not wish to delay the production of the photoplay. It came out in court that the Giles P. Cory Company had sold more than \$500,000 worth of the stock. The attorney for Mr. Cory stated that there was never any intention on the part of either Giles P. Cory & Co., or Giles P. Cory himself, to violate any of the laws of the State of Illinois.

The case of F. W. Sherwood, also charged with selling "Birth of a Race" stock without a license was continued until the end of the week. Sherwood intends to contest the constitutionality of the act.

* * *

Enid Bennett, Thomas H. Ince's Paramount screen star, and Fred Niblo, well known to the speaking

stage for his success as a star in George Cohan's play, "Hit the Trail Holliday," and other footlight triumphs of a similar character, were married last week in Los Angeles.

Mr. Niblo and Miss Bennett now while the former was playing in Australia several years ago, and when the Ince luminary was a member of his company. Mrs. Niblo will not give up her motion picture work but will continue under the Thomas H. Ince banner on the Paramount program. Her latest picture, "The Greatest Show on Earth," just completed, is a circus story written by Florence Vincent. As soon as she is through honeymooning, Miss Bennett will commence work on a new photoplay entitled "Desert Mating." It is by G. W. Hawkes, one of the Ince staff of scenarioists. In "Desert Mating," Miss Bennett will have Thurston Hall for her leading man.

* * *

Triangle announces that it is now completing, at Culver City, the first big special production entitled "The Servant in the House."

"It is taken from the successful play of the same name, and every effort possible is being expended to make this an exceptional feature," says the announcement. "The cast is composed of notable screen stars. The scenic effects and settings have been chosen with great care, and the direction is under the supervision of one of the most capable directors in the film industry."

Further details as to method of exploitation will be given out within a few days.

* * *

Lillian Walker, having formed her own company, has arranged to have the pictures released through the Producers and Exhibitors Affiliated and the first one will be started next week. Three stories by magazine writers are now being considered, and the date of the initial production will shortly be announced.

* * *

Mary Murillo, former scenario editor-in-chief for Fox productions now contributing special scripts for prominent stars, has just finished work on the latest starring vehicle selected for Clara Kimball Young. The story entitled "The Reason Why," from the novel by Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," has been adapted by Miss Murillo with the addition of several original touches, and Miss Young is now negotiating with the scenario author to undertake the writing of another story.

* * *

Theodore C. Deitrich, president of De Luxe Pictures, Inc., has leased the Plimpton Studio at Yonkers where "The Street of Seven Stars" will be made by Doris Kenyon, the head of her own company. The studio has recently been completely outfitted by Horace G. Plimpton.



Elsie Ferguson

appears exclusively in

Artcraft Pictures

"Barbary Sheep" "The Rise of Jennie Cushing"
"Rose of the World" "The Lie" "A Doll's House"

ONE of America's most charming and gifted actresses, Elsie Ferguson, is repeating on the screen the triumphs of her notable stage career.

Beautiful and patrician Miss Ferguson is a visual delight. Richly endowed as an artist her technique and varied experience as an interpreter of widely divergent roles have won for her a place of distinction and great popularity in the affection of the millions of photoplay devotees.





Photo Victor Georg
Olive Thomas—Triangle star, in a particularly attractive pose



Mrs. Taylor Holmes who appears with friend husband in
"Ruggles of Red Gap" and "A Pair of Sixes"



"The Debt of Honor" will be Peggy
Hyland's first picture for William Fox



Sophye Barnard, Balboa's latest acquisition, and
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UNWINDING THE REEL



The Mutual Film Corporation announces from the office of John R. Freuler, president, in Chicago, the election of a new board of directors including five new financier members, representing and connected with several of the larger banking and investment houses of the Middle West.

The new Mutual directors include: Charles Henry Bosworth, former president of the People's Trust & Savings Bank and former chairman of the board of directors and federal reserve agent of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago; William Tabor Abbott, lawyer and banker, vice-president of the Central Trust Company of Chicago, Illinois; Walter Field McLellan, assistant federal reserve agent and secretary of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago; Isaac Compton Elston, Jr., largely interested in utility concerns, and Warren Gorrell.

The new board of directors includes also James M. Sheldon, long associated with film enterprises, including the Randolph Film Corporation and the Empire All Star Corporation, of which he is president.

The other members of the board are: John R. Freuler, president; Samuel S. Hutchinson, president of the American Film Company, Inc.; John F. Cuneo, P. H. Davis, George W. Hall, J. W. Smith, banker of Fargo, N. D., Dr. Wilbert Shallenberger, F. E. Kahn of New York and Crawford Livingston of New York.

"The board election represents a move for the strengthening of the Mutual's directorate, enabling us to the execution of our firmly established policies of film distribution on a business-like and effective basis," said President Freuler.

More than a thousand men, well known in the theatre, the moving picture world and in other activities, gathered in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor in New York City at a dinner organized by a committee of his friends, as a tribute to William Fox. The achievements of Mr. Fox which were celebrated were his contributions to the motion picture industry, and his success in the recent drive to get new members for the Federation of Jewish Philanthropic Societies. Mr. Fox was "Colonel" of the team which enrolled the greatest number.

A gold tablet, suitably inscribed, was presented to Mr. Fox by Supreme Court Justice Victor J. Downing. Arthur Brisbane sent a letter praising the motion picture activities of Mr. Fox, in which he said, "The moving picture, in its power of instant presentation, is as much an advance upon the printing press as was the printing press upon the illumined manuscript and the old hieroglyphic. Mr. Fox is one of the few who have come through the rush and struggle of a new field of adventure with colors flying and success

assured. Those who appreciate the importance of the work in which he is a leader honor modern progress when they honor him."

Felix M. Warburg said that Mr. Fox's activities in Jewish charities dated from his boyhood, when he was himself an object of tender care by a Jewish institution while he was in a hospital. He resolved then to do his share for the unfortunate some day, Mr. Warburg said, and during his years of struggle to fortune he never forgot his resolution.

Other speakers were George M. Cohan, Raymond Hitchcock, Renold Wolf and Joseph Johnson. Wilton Lackaye was toastmaster and Charles Gehring chairman of the committee which organized the dinner.

"Moral Suicide," Graphic's first feature, has been released and has for its star John Mason, supported by Claire Whitney and Leah Baird.

Now that Guy Empey is finishing the picture "Over the Top," private Peat has signed up with George H. Jordan for himself and wife to appear in a spectacle entitled "Twenty Years in Hell and Back With a Smile."

The screen rights of "Patience Sparhawk," by Gertrude Atherton, have been secured for Mme. P. Trova. Ralph Ince will direct.

The first Chaplin picture to be released by the National Exhibitors Circuit will probably be named "Dog's Life."

Harry Lauder's trip to the trenches will be picturized and released by the International News Service.

George M. Cohan's next picture will be "Hit the Trail Holliday." Marshall Neilan will direct it and the scenario was prepared by John Emerson and Anita Loos.

Mary McAllister, the Essanay child star, is at liberty, but not for long, we hope.

Marie Wainwright's debut in pictures will be as a member of the cast of "Social Hypocrites," a Metro production.

It is said that the first picture in which Anna Case will appear will be entitled "The Golden Hope."

William Russell, muscular young star of motion picture drama, whose popularity in athletic rôles is due largely to his ability to act as well as box and ride, will appear in "Hearts or Diamonds," an adaptation of the famous novel "Adrien Gascoyne," by William Hamilton Osborne, as his first production under William Russell productions, the new Russell Producing Corporation. The picture will be distributed by Mutual.



Photo White Studio

SMILING BILL PARSONS

The new comedian of the screen who gave up \$200,000 a year to make people laugh in Capitol Comedies, released through the Goldwyn Distributing Corporation. The smile is partly from the success of "Tarzan of the Apes," which Smiling Bill produced



A glimpse of Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey in the Vitagraph production of his war story, "Over the Top".



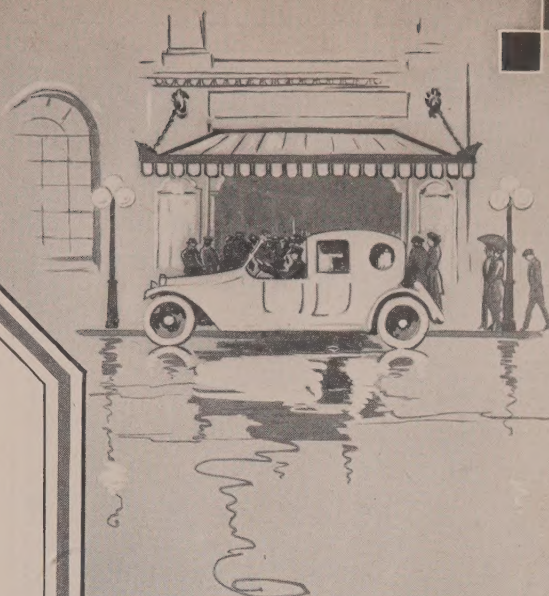
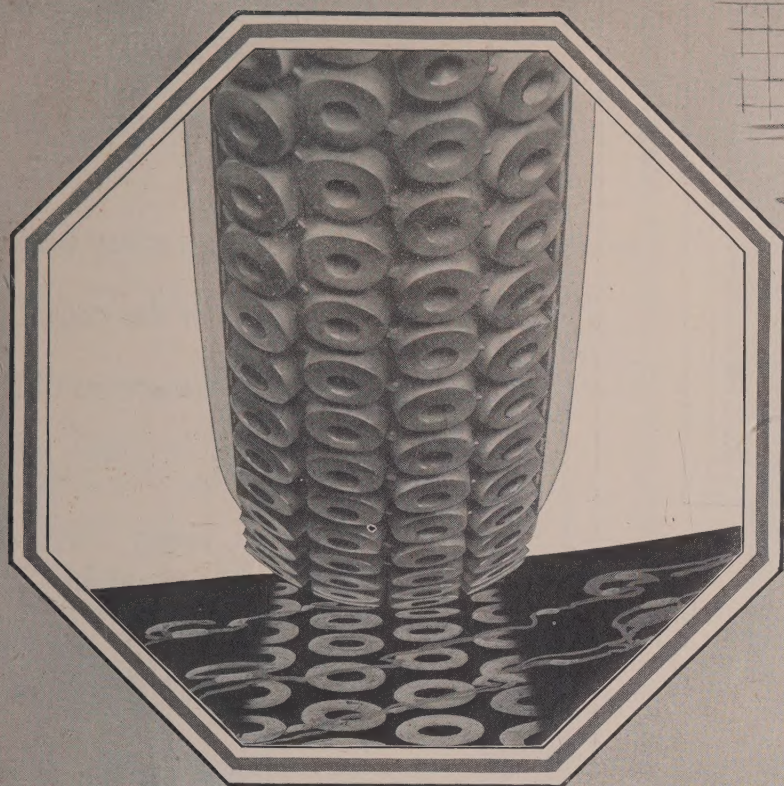
A scene from "Headin' South," Douglas Fairbanks' most recent Artcraft picture, with Katherine McDonald, a new leading lady



J. Barney Sherry, Triangle star. Mr. Sherry is creating a film following of no mean proportions



"Woman and the Law," which R. A. Walsh is making for William Fox, marks the return to the screen of Miriam Cooper



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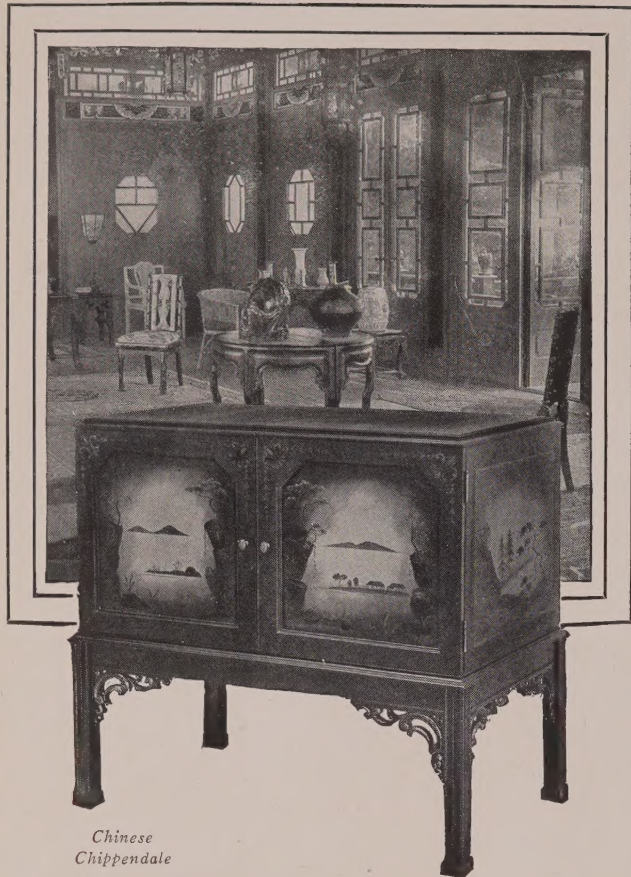
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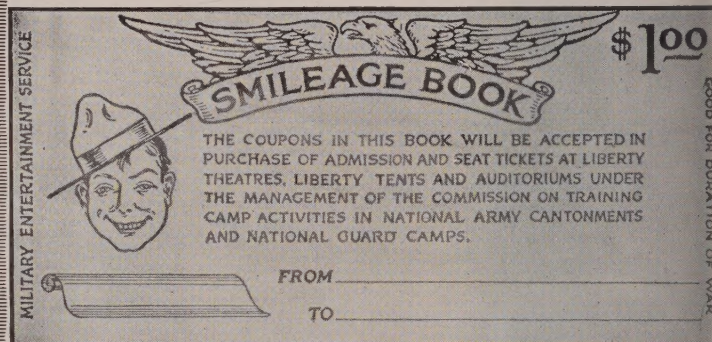
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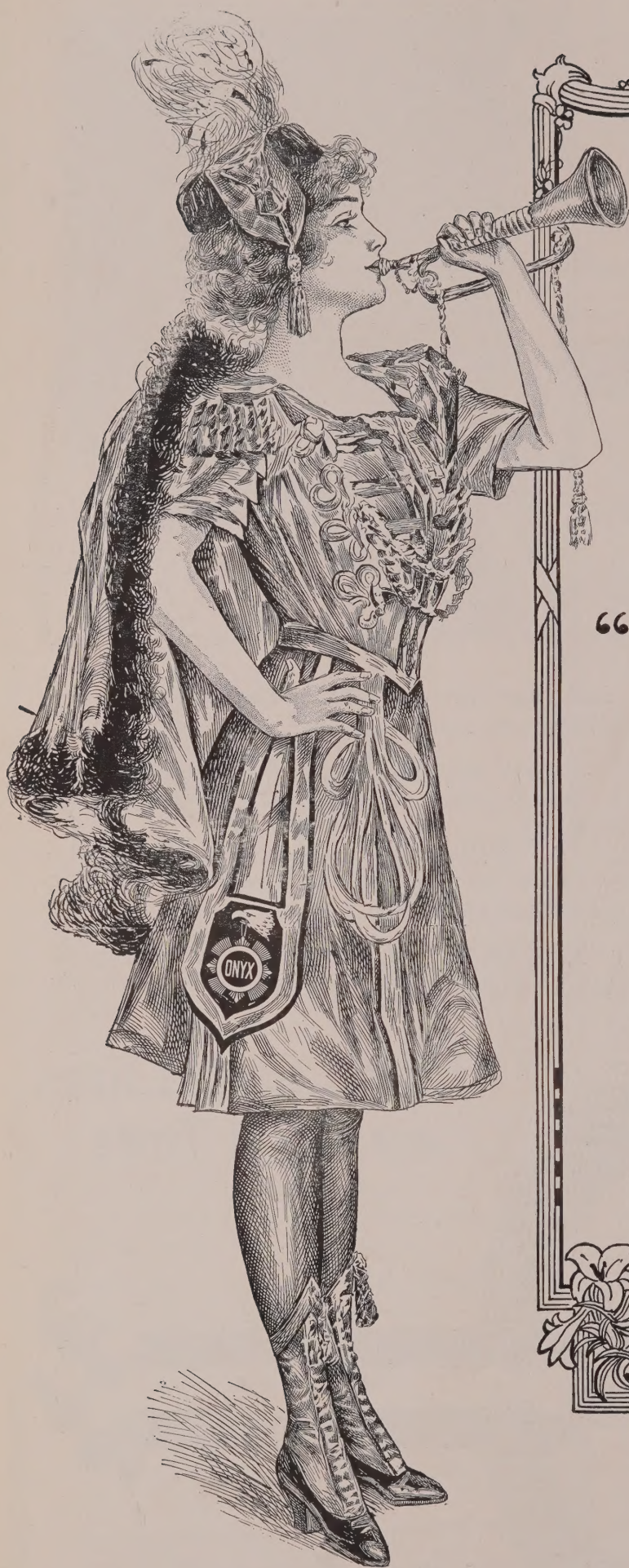
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